The Forum

MARCH 1922

MR. WELLS ON THE MILLENNIUM

By MAURICE HEWLETT

MR. WELLS' business in Life and Letters has been to stimulate a rather exhausted old world. He has amused it, delighted it, shocked it, disgusted and angered it by turns; but he has always, so to speak, kept the pot a-boiling. It has not always been clear exactly what he wanted us to be at; we have only been certain that it was not what he wanted of us before, and that he will not want it of us for very long. His method has been that of the gadfly which wings from rump to rump until he has the herd in violent commotion, and every tail of consequence erect. Of late years, both through and since the war, and except for a short time when he was engaged upon the history of the world, his changes of direction have been rapid though his sting has not lost any virus. Far from that, I seem to detect a tendency to indiscriminate scolding in the philosopher. It is therefore more than pertinent, it is essential, to enquire which Millennium in particular is now the goal of his enthusiasm—that which he has foreshadowed in his recent dispatches from Washington as given to the daily press, or the one before that, which we used to see in one of the Sunday papers. For all I know they may be published, as books, simultaneously, and we shall be in the position of the ass in the fable,

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between two trusses of hay. Under which king, Benzonian? For what fate are we to brace ourselves? In his penultimate vaticination it was to be a United States which should comprise the habitable world; in his ultimate—if that from Washington be indeed the ultimate—it is nothing of that sort. He now "perceives" his World-Parliament "more and more clearly an improbable dream". Well—perhaps it was. Instead of it we are to prepare for "a living, growing, organic network of world-government," whatever that may mean. The stimulus here is a little weakened by vagueness. The virus is as good as ever, but does not hit the mark. However, it improves as it goes on.

Whatever may be the reason for it, the philosopher ends upon a petulant note. It appears that Mr. Wells has been bored at Washington. He had no need to tell us that he dislikes that. We have known it of him for a long time, even for most of the time. I suppose that he has rearranged the "scheme of things" in every book he has written since the beginning of the century. Then it is safe to say that the successor to every one of those books has put out of any sort of doubt that he was bored with the proposals of its predecessor. But the present, or latest, issue is, I think, the only one in the concluding article of which he betrays a weariness of the opening articles. That is quick work: yet—

"Personally", he says, "I do not think that I would have bothered to come to Washington or to interest myself in this peace business, and to work and blunder, and feel incompetent, and be worried and distressed here, if it meant working for just peace—flat, empty, simple peace."

When a man calls something a "business", as Mr. Wells calls the Washington Conference "this peace business", it is certain that he is put off a hope on which his heart had been fixed. In the beginning of the Conference that susceptible heart of his was inditing—he let you see—of a good matter. At the end it has been a "peace business". That is bad, but worse for Mr. Wells than for any one else. If he does

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not care for the peace of the world unless he can be sure that it will devote itself to his little idea of the moment, it is obviously a sign that he is much more interested in his little idea than in the peace of the world. I fear that that is about the size of it; for that he means what he says he takes the pains to put out of doubt by an unfortunate paragraph immediately following, a paragraph of which I will only say that it would be extremely offensive if it were not very foolish. One is not bound to believe, one cannot and does not believe, that he is really indifferent to the death of some millions of young men—which is what he actually says in so many words: no, but one is not the less annoyed with him for so fatuous a saying, for being petulant in such a matter, in such a manner. The paragraph grows more foolish as it goes on, and therefore less offensive, and ends in a tangle of innuendo which in its way is a perfect masterpiece of *coup manqué*. What does he mean by "a good chance of a sunstroke"? God knows.

What he really means by the absurdities at large has already been indicated. Not being in any way distinguished as a moral philosopher, he cannot interest himself in peace as an end in itself, or as a state of existence comporting with a population of reasoning, responsible creatures. Nor has he time to cognize a state of existence which will afford mankind breathing space in which to make itself happier. The only peace which at the moment of writing, he can envisage with any satisfaction is one which shall be a means to what, at the moment of writing, seems to him alone worth living for. And what may that chance to be? It is our old friend Progress—but Progress in its barest and most literal intention. To Mr. Wells just now Progress is rapid motion. It is a mechanical Millennium to which he invites us, only different from the bureaucratic vision of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in that Mr. Wells' machines will be manufactured articles driven by human beings, and Mr. Webb's will be human beings driven by other human beings. All alike will be in rapid motion,

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and progressing. Progressing whither? Towards Efficiency. Efficiency—to do what? Well, to progress, to yet more rapid, even to perpetual motion: to make more roads, more motor cars, still bigger motor cars, to have more trains, faster and more luxurious and more frequent than ever yet known to man. Education, too, of course, to keep pace with all that. Education in what, of whom? Of the world at large, in applied science, that we may progress, push, fly if possible, to the ends of the earth, or to Mars. God of Heaven, what a world it is to be! And what a good thing it is that before his articles are published in a volume for fireside study Mr. Wells will be bored with motor transport and large railway trains, and all agog for some other form of Efficiency.

One may wish for him a moment in which to reflect upon, or to recur to, the probability that man has something in him besides brain and muscle, something which, for want of a better word, we call a soul—which indeed (if I am right) he called it himself in a comparatively recent book of his, upon the Episcopate. That particular energy is not apt to be satisfied with motor transport or parlor cars, neither delighteth it in any man's telephones. It thrives in contemplation, in retirement, in meditation, recollection, tranquillity. Motor transport puts it out. And not only is there a soul, or words to that effect, in every man born of woman, but there is something very much like it in every nation of such men. That energy has its own idea of Efficiency and Progress, and may possibly desire to progress in a direction which, to Mr. Wells, may seem to be retrograde. I have but lately heard of a village twenty-six kilometres only from Paris, where they have gone back to ploughing with oxen. It is slower, but they say both cheaper and better ploughing. Again, there are ex-socialists and trade-unionists in England at this hour who, having acquired small holdings by purchase, have thereby become tariff reformers, individualists, church-and-state men, and also, for the first time within their ex-

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perience, happy and contented persons. Nobody can deny that there has been a progress—to happiness. Yet this is not Progress as Mr. Wells and Mr. Webb understand the thing.

Mr. Wells, like most natural philosophers, is unable to conceive of happiness in any terms but those of matter and motion. A peace which will not afford him those is a "peace-business". He thinks, as the vulgar saying goes, that we must "get on or get under". It would be easier for me to concede it him, or otherwise to deal with it, I daresay, if I knew where we were to get to. What is to be the upshot of his mechanical progression? When all the roads are made, all possible motor transport put upon them; when Bradshaw is as large as the British Museum catalogue—what then? I don't think he has worked it out. He misses too many points in his own case. Here is a fair example. Visualizing the pleasures of his Millennium, "it becomes clear," he says, "that our first vision of a world wide net of fine roads, great steady trains on renewed and broader tracks, long distance aeroplane flights of the securest sort, splendid and beautiful towns, a park-like countryside studded with delightful homes, was merely the scene and frame for a population of well-grown, well-trained, fully adult human beings." Ah, if all human beings were molded exactly alike, either in that vital part which I still call the soul, or of course unfurnished with any such concomitant of being, how simple all this would be! If all men were exactly like Mr. Wells, or Mr. Webb, they might rejoice in the prospect. "All the world", cries Mr. Wells, "will be accessible to them"—to all of them! "Mountains to climb, deserts to be alone in, tropics to explore in wonder, beautiful places for rest." But if all these places are to be made accessible by road and rail and aeroplane, even supposing that they would so yield the same sort of pleasure and profit which they yield now when attained with difficulty—if great steady trains, nets of fine roads, long distance aeroplanes of the securest sort

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are to assist us to deserts, it is obvious that the deserts will not be deserted, and will cease to be deserts, or the railway companies would not be as steady as their trains. If there are to be tropics still to explore in wonder, it will only be such parts of them as are not served by long distance aeroplanes. And if the countryside is to be "studded with delightful homes", in any real sense, it will not be "park-like", nor the homes so delightful to some people as they might be. Mr. Wells cannot have it both ways. A mechanic's paradise cannot be a natural paradise. He has not thought it out.

It is true, I believe, that any reconstruction of the world to be of any account, must be from within outwards. Mr. Wells, a sensational philosopher in every sense of that word, achieves little more than windy rhetoric when he leaves the moral virtues out of reckoning: such remarkable fruits of the spirit as Love, Joy, Peace, Meekness, Temperance, and so forth; such specific qualities as Faith, Hope, and Charity; such tonic prophylactics as Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience; such immutable laws as those of our Being, which can only be disregarded at our peril, and are disregarded by no other creature but man. Life as it has been, is, and always will be, *à fortiori* life as it ought to be and might be, is not a conceivable state unless these things are brought into reckoning. Progress without them, progress which runs away from them, can only be a race along the primrose path. But Mr. Wells needs excitement, and sees it handiest in sensation. Masses of men are with him there, mistaking excitement for happiness, and bustle for advance, and busy-ness for business, and the big for the great, and the loud for the strong. Is Mr. Wells leading this pack, or panting in the midst? I don't know. If he had stayed outside it, it should have struck him that happiness, every man's desire, is attainable by rest as well as by motion, in stasy as well as in ecstasy, and that, in the long run, the benefits obtained by that kind, the quality and quiddity of happiness, are more solid and

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abiding than what he will get from motor transport. Is it necessary to point out to him that happiness is a relative state of being, within the grasp of a Central African tribe living chiefly in trees, or of Esquimaux living entirely on oil, or of Fijians living mostly undressed—if they do so live? Mr. George Calderon's posthumous book relates how he stayed with a Tahitian family which consumed two or three hours of every afternoon collecting driftwood, so that they could boil a kettle for tea. They sometimes took longer and sometimes shorter hours at it, but the longer they took the more they enjoyed themselves—Mr. Wells and Mr. Webb won't understand that. Calderon says that the Tahitians thought it great fun. There are people who like life to be a picnic, people who prefer a gig to a motor, people who would rather walk than use any kind of vehicle, people, finally, who have the gravest possible objection to being organized to do anything. There are indeed masses of such people, tribes of them; whole nations of men who know what they want, and find happiness in wanting it. Increasing numbers are finding out that poverty brings more happiness than wealth, that it is much better for us to want things than to have them. Mr. Wells is far from their opinion—but then Mr. Wells depends upon sensation.

The happiest nations have always been the poorest nations. They have been the most generally contented, their peoples relatively the best off. Denmark, with few large trains and no network of fine roads; Holland, with barges creeping along stagnant canals; Switzerland, very unsuited to long distance aeroplanes; Belgium with few delightful homes and no park-like country left untilled: these are the happy nations. Are we beginning yet to find out the worth (in happiness) of Empery? It is time; but Mr. Wells is not helpful here.

Well, well—"The soul", said Addison's Cato, "secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger."

I believe she may smile at Mr. Wells' Millennium.

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HOW PERMANENT PEACE WILL COME

By GILBERT MURRAY

THAT is, of course, if it does come. For it has not come yet, and the future is full of riddles. There is war in Asia Minor; there is fighting without war in Belfast and Mesopotamia and India; and there is a state that can hardly be called peace in certain parts of eastern Europe, without mentioning China and Mexico.

How is peace to come? In answering, let us agree to avoid all edifying generalities and be strictly business-like.

Clearly, peace will not come if competitive armaments continue. That is a game of beggar-my-neighbor, and as soon as a nation gets very near to beggary and realizes that it has spent practically its last penny on a beautiful and effective set of firearms which gives it a momentary advantage over all its neighbors, it will be bound to declare war. We must therefore stop competitive armaments. That is a process which is very easy in the matter of big ships, less easy in smaller craft and submarines, difficult in land armies, more difficult in aircraft, and practically impossible in the region of explosives and poisons. But that point can be left till later.

I do not propose to pit the League of Nations against the Washington Conference. I approve of both, and both have achieved great results. The League has stopped two wars, solved several international difficulties, repatriated three hundred and sixty thousand prisoners, organized an effective campaign against typhus, done much to re-establish the broken communications of Europe, and performed one of the most splendid acts of beneficence known to history

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by the inauguration of the Mandates System. It tried to limit armaments, but was baffled on sea by the policy of the United States, and on land by that of France and Russia. The Washington Conference has performed the great service of reducing the larger type of naval armaments and of substituting for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance an understanding of all the Pacific Ocean powers. In other conferences of the same type we all hope that still greater results will be achieved. All friends of the League support the Conference, and President Harding has repeatedly expressed his belief that the League is a beneficent institution for Europe. Let us leave it at that.

I think, as things now are, that, if peace comes, it will come by joint action between the American piecemeal conferences of a few great powers to settle particular points, and the League's continuous plan of continuous co-operation for all international purposes among as many nations as possible. The piecemeal plan cannot succeed alone, and the League of course cannot succeed without America.

For example: the Washington Conference, after its triumphant start, eventually came to certain brick walls. For simplicity's sake we will consider one only: the refusal of France to reduce her army. (The submarine foolishness was a different matter.)

When Washington asked France to reduce her army she replied: "I am exposed to great dangers; I cannot afford to reduce a single battalion". All the powers of the Conference assured her that she was mistaken; her supposed dangers were unreal. "If that is so," answered France, "will you protect me with your armies if I am attacked?" On this "all with one consent began to make excuse", and France drew the logical conclusion: "If you all refuse to promise me your protection, I can only conclude that, in spite of your comfortable words, you do think I am in danger. And, having no other protectors, I must proceed to protect myself."

That seems to me perfectly conclusive. It is morally

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and practically impossible to require a nation to disarm and at the same time to say that she must look out for herself if she is attacked. General disarmament implies mutual guarantees. (I am not for the moment considering the difference between "disarmament" and "reduction of armament"; disarmament may be either complete or partial.

General disarmament implies mutual guarantees. Suppose, therefore, that we give the mutual guarantees. Consider the proposal as a transaction between France and the United States. "Mutual guarantees," an American statesman may say "would mean that, if we are attacked by Mexico, we have the inestimable right to ship a French army over the Atlantic to help us, whereas if France gets into trouble in any of the numerous parts of the world where she seems to be looking for it, we are to send American armies to fight for her? The bargain does not attract us."

That also seems a perfectly good argument. We come to a deadlock. France will not disarm without a guarantee, and the United States will see her at some very remote destination before they will give a guarantee.

Is that the end of the matter? I think not. It only shows the limitations of the piecemeal method. The most obvious solution, the short and forcible solution, is not the right one.

Let us go back to the beginning and think of the essential facts. Here are a great many nations, practically all the civilized nations, convinced that war is neither profitable nor right. Not unanimously convinced, of course, but each nation convinced on the whole. Suppose they meet together and say: "We have all suffered from war, and all made each other suffer. We now agree to settle our disputes and quarrels by some peaceful means, and only fight if all peaceful means of settlement fail." That is comparatively easy. It has already been done, both in the American Arbitration Treaties and in the Covenant of the League. "But then", it will be asked, "what if some nation breaks

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this pledge, and makes war suddenly and treacherously against an unarmed neighbor?" What is the right answer to this supposition? It is, I think, that a nation which thus makes war is not a fit member of the society of civilized nations. It should be turned out of society—to revive an old religious word, excommunicated till its mind changes.

The offender will get no loans, no imports or exports, no news. In most cases its sources of ammunition, industry and food supply will dry up. In all cases the whole nation will be exposed to a strain which, beginning gently and giving full time for a change of policy, becomes at last absolutely intolerable. In the execution of this sentence all nations can share and ought to share. That, nothing more, but nothing less, seems to me to be the duty of every nation which aspires to be a member of civilized society and to work for general peace. In the long run such a general agreement would secure the general peace. But of course any individual nation may well ask for a more rapid protection.

That should be provided—and I think will be provided—by a series of regional agreements, open to the world and registered with the League of Nations or elsewhere. In any group of nations which have disarmed by common consent there ought probably to be specific agreements for mutual defense in case one of them is attacked. The groups would doubtless vary in size, according to natural needs, but no nation would be expected to perform military service outside its own continent or very far from its own frontiers. Such regional alliances would be necessary and sufficient to render a universal economic blockade irresistible. But the latter is the real weapon of a peaceful world, and it is specifically the weapon adopted by the League of Nations.

In the earlier ideas of the League, when the war was still prominent in people's minds, it was commonly taken for granted that the sanction of the League against the war maker would be simply war. As experience has ripened

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by reflection the idea of preventing war by war has receded into the background. The Covenant of the League as it now stands, after the official interpretation of Article Ten and the accepted amendments of Article Sixteen first imposes on all its members the general obligation of mutual protection in case any one of them is feloniously attacked, and then it explains in detail what lines this mutual protection is to follow. Each signatory is bound to join in the excommunication of the war maker. When the Council, by a unanimous vote, names a day and "recommends" immediate action, every member of the League is bound to cut off all intercourse whatever between itself and the excommunicated state; and is further bound to consider the military and naval steps which the Council may recommend as most effective. It seems almost certain, to one who watches the development of the League, that when these military steps begin to be worked out they will take the form of a series of regional agreements and that Article Ten, which has been so greatly misunderstood, will be dropped or re-written.

Article Sixteen has never yet been applied. But there has been one case where its application was "considered" and the "mere consideration" worked like magic. In the early part of November, 1921, a Serbian army suddenly invaded Albania. They burned over sixty villages, announced their intention of occupying the capital and proceeded to march towards the sea. The party in Serbia which was responsible for this policy doubtless imagined that the League would either fear to act or else would act too slowly to be effective. But as a matter of fact, Great Britain called an immediate meeting of the Council at Paris on November sixteenth "to consider the application of Article Sixteen against Serbia." The effect was electric. The Serbian exchange came down with a run, a Serbian loan which was being floated in London suddenly stuck dead; the Serbian delegates came post haste to the Council announcing that their troops were already withdrawing, and that they would

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henceforth respect the frontiers approved by the League. (Commissioners were sent by the League to see that this was so, and their report states that there is by now not a Serbian soldier on the wrong side of the frontier.) Of course we are not at the end of the Serbo-Albanian difficulty; it would be foolish to expect that. But a Balkan war of a dangerous kind has been directly and instantaneously stopped by the mere threat of Article Sixteen.

This was a great proof of the League's effectiveness. It has not been much advertised, because it can hardly be advertised without needlessly and unwisely exasperating the feelings of the Serbs, whose representatives at the crisis behaved exceedingly well. It was a triumph both because it did stop a war, and because the machinery employed could not possibly have been employed so effectively or so quickly without a fully constituted League acting on definite covenants. It was a triumph. But I confess it gave me, as a friend of the League, a day or so of great anxiety. Let me frankly explain why.

Suppose Serbia had defied the League. Suppose the blockade had then been put in force . . . and suppose the United States government, in its wisdom, had decided that the peace of Europe was no concern of the United States, while a blockade of Serbia was an unauthorized interference with American commerce, and had therefore determined to break the blockade? I can hardly imagine a more dangerous situation. It may be said that the United States government would never have done such a thing. I am not sure. Of course, it could not possibly have done so if it had known the true state of affairs. But it did not know. It has always refused to know anything about the League and its doings. And it has done again and again great unintentional injuries to Europe and Asia through refusing to know. (I could tell that story if it were wanted.) There is here a danger to international good will which is quite unnecessary and ought to be removed. If I may say frankly what I myself would like to see done, I

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should like the United States government, without undertaking any engagement whatever, to send an ambassador to the League at Geneva, to see what the League was doing and to watch over the interests of the United States. The ambassador would be able to tell the League anything which the United States wished it to know to keep his government informed of all that the League proposed, and where necessary to make his criticisms or protests. So that when we in Europe, in our imperfect and bungling way, try to disarm, or to soothe the French, or help the starving Austrians, or to improve the government of Africa, or to control the sale of opium, or to check the white slave traffic, America should not proceed, as a matter of regular routine, to thwart our efforts before knowing whether they are the sort of things she wants to thwart. And I know whom I should like to have for ambassador, though I fear the administration would not oblige me. He ought to be a man who really believes in peace and fair dealing, and is quick to denounce every diplomatic fraud; he ought to be capable of understanding new facts; and above all he ought to be free from any suspicion of being unduly a friend of the League. The man I should like is Senator Borah.

Suppose that either in this way or in some other there can be established between America and the League the same channels of communication and common civility that normally exist between peaceful states and groups of states, the way to general peace will become much clearer. First of all, Germany, Hungary, and before many years have passed, probably Russia, will be members of the League. The League will be more nearly universal and therefore far stronger and less exposed to the suspicion of one sidedness. Also it will be untimid, being freed from the sense that all its activities, however harmless or however beneficent, may be wrecked by America or by powers which seek to win the favor of America. It will know, above all, that if it is really faced with the danger of war and the need of taking vigorous measures to prevent war, it can

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keep America informed of the whole progress of negotiations and have the benefit of frank conference with American representatives. Then the coming of peace would be fairly assured.

Then, if we asked France to disarm, we could offer her two forms of protection; first, the excommunication by the whole League of any power which feloniously attacked her, and secondly, a "regional agreement" of, say, Belgium, England, Germany, Italy and Spain. The agreement would provide that any nation which, after disarming according to the agreed plan, was wrongfully attacked by another power, would have the military support of all the rest. Such defensive alliances have in the past been subject to one great disadvantage, that in practice it was often difficult to be sure, at the outbreak of war, which side was the "wrongful attacker". In every European war for the last hundred years and more, both sides have spent great time and trouble in maneuvring for moral position. Their most mendacious agents have always been employed to explain how the other fellow began, and it was difficult for outsiders to be sure of the truth. But now there is a clear test. The aggressor is the party which makes war without referring the dispute to mediation or arbitration. And it is practically certain that, in the long course of friction that always precedes a war, the League will have had ample opportunity to know how things stand. I do not like to set any limits to human mendacity, but I think it will be exceedingly difficult in the future for any wolf nation to attack a lamb and throw the blame on the lamb.

And the actual agreements for the reduction of armament? Well, they will go ahead. They are valuable in two ways. They save expense, which is always an important matter, and in proportion as they proceed successfully they are evidence of mutual confidence between the nations. That is a very important matter indeed. But disarmament agreements in themselves cannot solve our problem. A nation that wants to fight, or that suffers under in-

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tolerable oppression, can arm itself in more ways than of old. If there is, for example, any one left in America who believes that, because Germany is forcibly disarmed, the Allies can permanently hold Germany down in a state of poverty and semi-slavery, I recommend him to the comforting study of recent inventions in the way of explosives and poison gases. A nation with no army, navy, nor big guns to speak of, can invent ways of injuring its neighbors which would be very hard to control by treaty or to discover by inspection.

You cannot compel peace. Peace is not a negative thing, a mere absence of war. Peace is a state of mind, in which persons or nations are free from fear or anxiety or resentment and can go about their business undisturbed. And such peace only comes from actual confidence.

Now the way we in Europe are taking to secure mutual confidence is one that seems to surprise people in America. We do it by regular and frequent meetings and by doing a great deal of non-controversial business in common. The leading men in our different nations are getting to know one another quite well. And, strange to say, they think less badly of each other than they did before. The League of Nations is largely based on the belief that the way to avoid war is to accustom the nations to meet and co-operate. They work together to improve railway and river communications, to settle disputes, to combat epidemics, to relieve distress and persecution, to check the consumption of opium, to put a stop to the white slave traffic, to do a score of other things great and small, and so, we hope, they will get into the habit of mind which takes co-operation as the natural thing, and when causes of dispute arise, will meet them reasonably, with tolerance and good will.

There are international conferences going on at Geneva all the year round. Indeed there are more going on than Geneva can accommodate. We find that we have an immense lot of business to do together, and we rather like meeting one another. We are only sorry that America is never there.

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WHAT WILL SAVE THE FARMER?

By JOHN M. STAHL

DOLEFUL reports are made on the agriculture of the United States, especially on the richest agricultural part thereof—the middle west. As industry is now organized, the misfortune of any considerable class cannot be confined to that class. That statement is trite but it is none the less vital.

The farmers of the states that produce the most wheat, corn, oats, and farm animals are undoubtedly in bad financial condition and worse mental condition. As a result they can buy only sparingly and are not disposed to buy even as much as they can; for while their purses are empty, their hearts are filled with bitterness because what they have to sell brings them, almost or quite, the lowest price of ten years past while what they have to buy costs them nearly as much as the highest prices of the past ten years. When the farmers do not buy, many cannot sell; and that means unemployment for many of those who make and handle what the farmers use.

The farmers of the United States received truly enormous amounts for their products in 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920. They received for their products enough money to put them and keep them in an exceedingly good financial condition, if their receipts alone were to be considered.

Now, what about the farmer's outgo—what about the cost of producing these things for which the farmer received so much money? If the farmer owned the same farm that he did in 1911 or 1915 he had no greater investment. From one point of view he should not charge his 1917 or his 1919 crop, for example, with more on account of investment.

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But, it will be said, he could have sold his farm in 1919 or 1920 for twice as much as he could have sold it for in 1911 or even in 1914. Should he not charge his crops with twice as much or nearly twice as much on that account? Or, he may have bought the farm at the high prices that prevailed during the war. Or, if he were a renter—and unfortunately there are already very many renters in the best agricultural states—he paid twice as much per acre for the use of the land in 1919 as in 1911 if he paid cash rent. If he paid share rent the per cent of the crop he gave in 1919 was probably no greater than it was in 1911. Right here the cost of farm labor becomes pertinent.

During the period from 1911 to 1920 the cost of labor increased more than one hundred per cent. What the farmer had to buy to put into his products—farm machinery, fertilizer, etc.—also increased more than one hundred per cent.

But there is nearly every year a profit in farm production. The products of the farm do not cost as much to produce as the farmer receives for them. And this margin of profit was increased several times over by the war.

The net income of the farmers of the United States during 1917, 1918, 1919, and even 1920 was very great, notwithstanding the increased cost of production. How, then, can the farmer be in such dire financial distress at this time?

When one considers that he pays no house rent, that he has no need of paying out any money for at least eighty per cent of the food for himself and family, and that his clothing costs him less than clothing costs his city cousin, it becomes difficult to answer satisfactorily this question.

One other very important fact is to be considered—the farmer is not out of a job. He has the same number of acres to farm. He has the same employment as before. The thousands of city men out of a job can appreciate that.

While it is true that the farmer asks the price and does

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not name the price of what he sells and what he buys, as some compensation, if not ample compensation, he can always sell his product at once and for cash. The manufacturer may have his warehouse filled to the roof with products of merit, yet not be able to sell, and if he does sell, he probably must give long credit in time of industrial depression.

Nearly all my life I have been a farmer and during the past sixty years there have been periods of severe hard times, but I have never taken a bushel of grain or a fat farm animal to market that I could not sell at once and for spot cash. Now this fact makes it all the more difficult to understand how the farmers of the United States can be, as alleged, on the very brink of bankruptcy and with no ready money to buy the necessaries of life.

The official figures, finally revised, for the 1921 farm production are not yet available, but it is certain that the average price per bushel or pound that the farmer received on the farm for his 1921 production was less than one-half of what he received for his 1919 production. And he is often compelled to pay prices little less than war prices for what he buys. It now takes more than three times as many bushels of grain or pounds of fat animal to buy certain articles much used by farmers, as it did before the war.

Before the war, very many farmers were unskilled in the handling of money. This was especially true in such states as Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska, etc. They had been in debt nearly all their adult lives. They had never had funds for investment. Inevitably they were unwise in the handling of the large incomes that resulted from war prices. They were the prey of able, conscienceless professional sellers of "blue sky" stocks. One of the best and most conservative of the financial journals stated recently that the farmers of the middle west put more than two billion dollars of cash into "stock in oil wells that never produced oil, packing house projects that never operated, phonograph concerns that never made phonographs, and other fly-by-

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night affairs". The figure named is ultra-conservative. The expenditures of these stock salesmen, of funds obtained from the moral, hard-working farmers, in the underworld resorts of Chicago and other cities, were almost beyond belief. It would be hard to find in any hotels elsewhere, in the United States or abroad, a more lavish display of costly jewelry than the exhibits in the hotels of Des Moines, St. Paul, and Chicago of the women, very rarely their wives, that lived with these stock salesmen as their wives and diligently aided in putting the money of the farmers into circulation.

However, not all of the big agricultural income was thus dissipated. The farmer spent liberally for things that he and his family were entitled to have because of years of hard work and more than economical living, but which he had not felt able to buy, and, in a majority of cases, really was not in financial condition to buy. He often put electric lights and a modern heating plant and a bath room in his house. Nebraska is a purely agricultural state. There are nearly as many automobiles as families in Nebraska. Nebraska is one of the most important wheat growing states. The upkeep of its automobiles during 1920 amounted to more than the farm selling price of its wheat crop. The farmer had, until the war, rarely been able to reach that plane of living to which his hard and fundamentally important work should have lifted him. If the city working man and shop keeper is entitled to electric lights, modern heating, and a bath room, even more is the farmer entitled to these things; and on account of his isolated situation and his business needs, of all men he should have an automobile. But regardless of their merits, these investments in bath rooms and automobiles absorbed a great deal of the farmer's net income during the war period, and the money put into these things ceased to be capital productive in industry. In fact, much of this money was so invested as to call constantly for further non-productive investment.

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The very high prices inevitably resulted in the increased prices of farms, land speculation, option buying, pyramiding, and all the features of that real estate speculative insanity that seizes both city and country when certain conditions come into existence. Farms that before the war were considered worth one hundred dollars an acre were, near the close of the war, sold for two hundred dollars and even three hundred dollars, per acre. The buyer paid one-fourth to one-half down. Very often he was a renter, who paid on his purchase all that he had accumulated to that time. The belief was all but universal and firm, that "we will never see again in this country low prices for farm products"; "land may go down for a year or so after the war, but it will soon recover—it has gone up to stay." To-day many farms could not be sold at pre-war prices. Thousands of farmers have lost or soon will have lost all that they have paid down on farms purchased. They consider themselves fortunate in a good many cases if this is all they lose, for the purchaser may have already owned and yet owns another farm and he cannot escape his purchase by abandoning it. The sellers do not wish to take back the land although the buyers forfeit what they have paid. In very, very many cases what was paid to the seller was promptly invested in "blue sky" stocks, and lost.

The extravagance bred of high prices was carried into public affairs. All manner of public improvements were projected. Villages erected, or obligated themselves to erect, very costly school buildings. Country churches were remodeled at several times the original cost. Laws were put through for the building of thousands of miles of good roads. The salaries of school teachers and public officials were doubled—the high cost of living justified this. Now modern school houses and churches and good roads are indeed commendable and it is a pity that hundreds of millions that went for "blue sky" stocks, did not go into these things; but regardless of their merit, these things cost money, and the funds put into them ceased to be funds pro-

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ductive in industry except as the good roads were more efficient in marketing farm products. Unfortunately this has been more than offset by the time and money spent in driving automobiles for idle pleasure on good roads.

The extensive road improvements, already made or being made; the large, pretentious and expensive school buildings built or being built; and the high salaries paid and which have not yet been reduced—and will be difficult to reduce—have increased taxes, and by an increase most grievous now, when prices for most important farm products are at figures lower than pre-war prices.

Disrelish of taxes is a relic of the days when people were governed, without subterfuge, that persists to these days when the people are supposed to govern themselves; and farmers are affected much more by the really heavy tax burden than they would be by the reduction of their funds by an equal amount for other purposes. It is well known, also, that farmers pay more than their share of the local and state taxes, for the reason that a comparatively small fraction of their taxable property is of such nature that it can be hid from the assessor.

The gap between the price received by the farmer on the farm and the price paid by the ultimate consumer of the farm product, has been doubled or trebled and in some cases even multiplied by five or more. Freight rates are very much higher. On account of increased wages that are yet paid to nearly every one except the farmer, everyone concerned in any way in getting the farm product to the ultimate consumer gets a much larger bit of the price, and these bits are in effect not added to the price the consumer pays, but are clipped from the price the farmer receives. At any rate, there is no longer anything near the relation of price received by the farmer and price paid by the consumer, that existed during or before the war.

One remedy is certain—lack of profit will lead to decreased production. That is a Medes-and-Persian law of industry, though at times slow in operation—and decreased

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production will lead to higher prices. This result of decreased production will be hastened and increased by concerted movement of large bodies of farmers that have already decreed reduced acreage and cultivation and have adopted the slogan: "Take Jenny out of the cornfield." The movement may reach an extreme that will seriously hurt other classes, and even the farmers themselves. For the farmer is the one man that cannot foretell production. The manufacturer of machines or cloth can tell beforehand how much will be made from a certain amount of material by a certain amount of labor. But the farmer cannot know even one week ahead what his crop may be. He is the one highest per cent gambler of all human beings. His crops are great or small, abundant or none at all, because of weather, insects and other factors which are partly or altogether beyond human control. If drought or flood, frost or excessive heat, insects and fungi, work with the farmer to reduce the production of the farm, the result may be serious to the city. But it is very certain that 1922 production will be less than 1921 or 1920 or 1919 production. It will probably be much less. That will aid mightily to remedy one thing—low prices—for the farmers.

Other remedies suggest themselves—remedies that other classes must aid in securing, and the normal purchasing capacity and disposition of the farmer are so important to the prosperity and comfort of other classes that if they are wise they will exert all their influence and accept for themselves reasonable present sacrifices to secure the application of these remedies. Among them are lower freight rates; economical public administration, resulting in lower taxes; prices of what the farmer should buy put on a parity with what he has to sell, brought about by lower freight rates, a lowering of wages in manufacture, transportation and merchandising to meet the rising wages in farming. Also the reduction in numbers and probably of profits of those employed in merchandising, especially retail mer-

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chandising; more extensive and liberal credit facilities for farmers; a foreign trade policy that will aid in restoring the ability of foreign peoples to buy our products; and the husbanding of resources and economical management and living on the part of farmers.

Thousands of the farmers of the middle west will confess that this year the wife and hens have put in the family exchequer more real money than has come from the acres in grain. We import many millions of eggs from China. Turkeys sold on the farm the past November at forty to fifty cents a pound. The publishers of farm papers testify that wherever there is much dairying their subscribers renew promptly. Milking is hard work and must be done and on the average farm it must be done by hand. The farmer of the middle west is not altogether happy when he is not running a machine. But if the farmer digs out he must sell, not buy, eggs and butter; he must grow at home an abundant supply of potatoes, vegetables and fruits.

The uses of adversity may not be sweet, but they instruct, and the farmer is intelligent. And, further, when one has made a careful and unprejudiced study of the figures and facts in the case, he is forced to the conclusion—a correct conclusion—that the American farmers are as near bankruptcy as false friends and others have published to the world. The farmers have had a long and hard fall from the peak of 1919; but as compared with the pre-war period, they have more acres in cultivation; better fences, roads, barns, schools, churches, and homes; more automobiles, bath rooms and pianos. True, they have a total indebtedness of somewhat above five billion dollars; but that is only one-third of what they received for their products of the calamitous (?) year of 1921. True, there are very sad individual cases. But, as a body, the American farmers are not in as bad a condition as some—generally not "dirt farmers"—have proclaimed, nor in as bad a condition as very many farmers have honestly believed.

In the history of farming in the United States there have

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been other periods of depression and hardship, but undoubtedly the period which presents the nearest parallel to the present was that immediately following the American Revolution. There were the same silly remedies proposed then as now, often of the nature of lifting one's self over the fence by one's boot straps, although it must be said that the farmers were not so foolish then as to pay handsomely to be herded into organizations that accomplish nothing but pay princely salaries to speechifying, demagogic, cunning, selfish "leaders". In that post-revolutionary period the women led the way back to prosperity by forming clubs to spin and to weave, and by pledging themselves to wear less expensive garments and to do more useful work; and the voice that sounded sanest and, rising above all others, went farthest, was the voice of the then venerable Franklin, who proclaimed that too many artisans and farmers had turned shop keeper; that poverty most often came from paying too much and buying too much; that farming and fisheries were true sources of wealth; and that as he who drew a fish out of the waters drew up a piece of silver, so every man who put a seed into the ground was recompensed many fold.

Agriculture is an industry of such character that the nation cannot afford to have it remain divorced from prosperity.

FROM THE BEGINNING

By WALTER BURR

You thought you had accomplished something new
And wonderful when you removed the wires
And by telephony talked 'round the world?
Belated, clumsy, gross material thing!
True lovers laughed at distance, ages gone;
Souls worlds apart, long since abolished space—
God talks to man from far infinitude!

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LAWS FAITHLESS TO OUR FOREFATHERS

By MATTHEW WOLL

WE are constantly reminded that the United States is a government of which we may be truly proud. Why do we say we have progressed further in the march of civilization, that we have advanced to a higher form of liberty than has any other nation or people? The question quite logically arises: which peculiarities or principles make our form of government different from all other governments?

Historians indicate that the process of assimilation which Rome initiated by war found its perfect development in this country. It was here that the first fugitives from persecution of all nations found an asylum. It was here that individuality was strengthened by the struggles with nature in her wildness, by the remoteness of abodes from ancient institutions, and by the war against the traditions of absolute power and superstitions. As a consequence, America has come to be marked by the readiest versatility, by the spirit of enterprise, and by the faculty of invention.

It was here that differences of opinions, of legalized religion, or of the power of property were subordinated to individuality and equality. The statesmen who drew the law of citizenship in 1776 made no distinction of nationalities or tribes, ranks or occupations, faith or wealth; they knew only inhabitants bearing allegiance to the governments of the several states in unison. Likewise, the representatives who drew the Declaration of Independence called themselves the spokesmen for "the good people of these colonies".

Born under such an environment, no nationality of char-

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acter could take form, except on the principle of individuality, so that the mind might be free and every faculty have unlimited opportunity for development and culture. Because of this birth and these struggles, our theory of government is based on the right of struggle and the right to progress. And so the history of our land demonstrates that the workers of America have struggled and progressed.

Constitutional government is a limited government—not an absolute government. Here in America our government is limited in power by a written constitution, clarified by a declaration of fundamental rights, and made effective by the direct vote of the people in the case of state constitutions and by the indirect assent of the people through the action of state legislatures in the case of the federal constitution.

Two broad divisions mark our constitutional provisions; the one setting forth the rights and liberties retained by and guaranteed to the people; the other declaring the powers granted and authority delegated to the nation and left to the state. Of these two divisions the workers have regarded the former with greater concern and as the more important because their struggles have more directly related to the full attainment of their rights as free men coequal with all other classes of citizens. Having attained this status, at least from a constitutional viewpoint, the future concern of the workers is being attracted now more and more upon the prerogatives assumed progressively and usurped by several of the departments of government and without specific authority from the people. Great concern is being manifested also regarding a number of proposals intended to broaden the governing influence and control of the state over activities and relations considered heretofore private in character and personal by nature.

Underlying and interpretative of both federal and state constitutions is the Declaration of Independence. The workers view the Declaration of Independence as a statement of fundamental intentions and as the guiding prin-

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ciples upon which our national and state constitutions must be founded. They consider that laws, decisions, or decrees which violate those fundamental principles are at variance with the real intents and purposes for which this nation was founded.

The most important of these human principles expressly set forth in the Declaration of Independence are as follows:

> All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Our whole national structure is founded upon those principles. These declarations express the theory and philosophy, the alpha and omega, of our nation. Whenever these principles have been denied or repudiated turmoil and friction have taken place. Because these principles were not constitutionally applied originally to all classes of persons, friction and turmoil marked the beginning and development of our national existence. This is essentially true also of the workers' struggle for freedom and for equal opportunities.

What is popularly termed "the labor question" has ever confronted organized society. The progressive development, through the many centuries, of the workers from a condition of status to that of contractual relationship presents an interesting and instructive history. And we are not without our dramatic and tragic events in this constant struggle for freedom and equality of opportunities.

Prior to the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of our Federal Constitution, involuntary servitude, or compulsory labor, was recognized in the early colonies. Slave trade was first introduced into the American colonies in 1619. It was prompted by the King of England and a part of the English aristocracy who had large holdings in America.

When the historic Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was held in 1787 to formulate a national constitution it failed to observe fully the fundamental principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence in that it permitted slavery, compulsory labor, to exist.

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Because of its failure to give full constitutional expression to fundamental principles and to provide adequate safeguards against infringements or encroachments upon the liberties of the people, considerable dissatisfaction was aroused. The people declined vigorously, beginning with the first Congress itself, to give their approval to the constitution as drafted. It was only after a most intensive campaign and the guarantee that the Bill of Rights would be included by way of amendments very soon thereafter that the several states finally ratified the national constitution. It was a little more than a year after the last state had ratified the constitution that the first ten amendments were adopted.

In connection with the attitude expressed toward slavery, compulsory labor, this remarkable incident is of peculiar importance and strongly evidences the great dissatisfaction which prevailed because the principles in the Declaration of Independence had not been equally applied to all classes of persons. While the Constitutional Convention was adopting Article four; section two, paragraph three, of the first constitution, and which provided that no person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered upon claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due, Congress was in session at New York and on the eleventh day of July reported an ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of Ohio, which contained specific provisions regarding personal liberty among which was the one that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

This ordinance declared against compulsory or involuntary labor as well as against enslaving the black man. That the nation could have long continued half slave and half free was not within the realm of human possibilities.

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We are still impressed with the great civil struggle that followed the enforcement of the universal recognition of the principles of freedom as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and the application of these principles to all classes of persons in our land. The Civil War and the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment were due primarily and principally to the failure originally to extend to every person within our government, the principles of liberty contained in the Declaration of Independence.

Unfortunately our courts, imbued with old doctrines and hide-bound precedents, were unable to grasp immediately the new conditions of affairs. It was in the case of Robertson against Baldwin that the United States Supreme Court attempted to limit and restrict the principles declared for in the Thirteenth Amendment in holding that a contract freely entered into and for a short period of time would compel the wage earner on penalty of imprisonment to give service under such a contract. Thus the courts attempted to continue and to legalize the practice of involuntary servitude, despite the constitutional prohibition.

This judicial interference with the constitutional rights of the workers was followed in 1900 by the United States Congress expressing its judgment on the question of involuntary servitude when our government annexed the Hawaiian Islands, where peonage had prevailed, by enacting a law which declared:

> That no suit or proceedings shall be maintained for the specific performance of any contract heretofore or hereafter entered into for personal labor or service, nor shall any remedy exist or be enforced for breach of any such contract, except in a civil suit or proceedings instituted solely to recover damages for such breach.

Because of the feeling of resentment the judicial branch of the government had incurred by its interference with the constitutional rights of the workers, the United States Supreme Court reversed itself in the later case of Bailey against Alabama by the following interpretation of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution:

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> The Thirteenth Amendment prohibits involuntary servitude except for punishment for crime, but the exception, allowing full latitude for the enforcement of penal laws, does not destroy the prohibition. It does not permit slavery or involuntary servitude to be established or maintained through the operation of the criminal law by making it a crime to refuse to submit to the one or to render the service which would constitute the other.
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> * * * * *
>
> What the state may not do directly it may not do indirectly. There is no more important concern than to safeguard the freedom of labor, upon which alone can enduring prosperity be based.

When in 1915 Congress enacted the Seamen's Act and applied the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment to men on sea as well as on land, the last vestige of slavery, of involuntary servitude, of compulsory labor, had been destroyed, at least in so far as our Federal Constitution was concerned. Labor's struggle finally ended triumphantly, at least in having our constitutional provisions made to conform to the principles of freedom and equality contained in the Declaration of Independence.

The Constitutional Convention, in determining the powers that should rightfully belong to the judicial branch of the government, never intended to grant to our courts the power to enact or to veto legislation. Any attempt to include such a power by constitutional enactment would have disclosed altogether too clearly the undemocratic, reactionary character of the proposed government and thus would have prevented the adoption of the constitution. It must be clear that a system of government which places such far-reaching power in the hands of a body not amenable to popular control is a constant menace to liberty and equality of opportunity. Such a power may accomplish the overthrow of inalienable and natural rights which the constitution expressly guarantees.

With the ascendancy of corporate wealth and influence, government by injunction has become an imposing feature in our system of government. The use made of the in-

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junction in recent years in the conflicts between labor and capital has placed a large and important class of crimes beyond the pale of this constitutional safeguard. Moreover, this particular class of crimes is the one where denial of the right of trial by jury is bound to result in tyranny and oppression. Under the injunction process, courts have virtually assumed the power to enact criminal legislation and to punish as crimes acts which neither law nor public opinion condemns. Contempt proceedings inherently associated with the injunction process insure conviction in an overwhelming number of cases when the constitutional right of trial by jury would mean acquittal.

Then, too, these processes place a power and a weapon in the hands of the courts which the constitution never authorized and which organized wealth finds ever ready and convenient to use and is not slow in using whenever there is conflict with the wage earners.

It was to limit our Federal courts to the powers specifically delegated to them by the constitution and to prevent their further encroachment upon other departments of government that the workers pressed their demand on Congress for the enactment of legislation which would safeguard the constitutional rights of wage earners. In the enactment of the labor sections of the Clayton Law, Congress did intend to make it impossible to treat the wage earners as mere inanimate objects of trade and commerce, disconnected from the fortunes and happiness of living human beings, to be dealt with as objects of barter and sale. Congress also intended to deny our Federal courts the opportunity of further exercising the unwarrantable authority to issue injunctions in labor disputes, and Congress reaffirmed the guarantee of trial by jury in all contempt cases. But our Supreme Court, by an extremely narrow and strained construction, limited this legislative declaration of the workers' rights in their struggles for progress against capital to a degree amounting nearly to a complete annulment of the labor sections of the Clayton Law.

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Again, our government is practically the only one in which the judiciary exercises, and has exercised, the veto power over the legislative department of government. This power was never conferred upon our courts by the Constitution. It is merely an assumption of authority by the ruling of the court in its own favor in the case of Marbury against Madison in 1803. This assertion of the judicial veto was promptly denied by President Jefferson, the leader of one great political party, and later by Abraham Lincoln, the leader of another great political party.

In no other country but ours is there a veto upon legislation by the courts. This usurped power, which the reactionary interests cling to as their last bulwark to stave off progress and the extension of equal rights of all to share in the benefits of the increasing wealth and of the comforts and opportunities of civilization, will prove as futile a barrier as bulrushes damming the Nile, would.

The workers of America have declared that it is essential that the people, acting directly, through Congress, or state legislatures, shall have final authority in determining which laws shall be enacted. It is proposed that steps must be taken to arouse the people of our country to demand that Congress or the people of the United States shall take immediate and required action to prevent our government from becoming a judicial autocracy instead of remaining a democracy.

It is probable, too, that in the future the anomaly of Federal judges being appointed, instead of being elected by the people, and holding office for life, will be abolished. This practice is both undemocratic and unrepublican. It is a practice that is autocratic and not in keeping with the spirit of our time. The wage earners of America propose that the judges of our Federal courts shall be elected by the people and that they shall be held responsible and accountable to them.

The latest and perhaps the most far-reaching struggle of American workers for the safeguarding of their con-

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stitutional rights and liberties held to be inalienable by the Declaration of Independence opposes the efforts being made to enact compulsory arbitration laws and to establish industrial courts, such as we now find in the state of Kansas. These attempts to enslave again the workers and to enforce involuntary service, compulsory labor, are akin to the practice in vogue during the Middle Ages. To quote from Hallam's "Middle Ages", it was during this dark period in history that:

> The right of purchasing men's goods for the use of the king was extended by a sort of analogy to their labor. Thus Edward the Third announces to all sheriffs that William of Walsingham had a commission to collect as many painters as might suffice for "our works in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, to be at our wages as long as shall be necessary," and to arrest and keep in prison all who would refuse or be refractory, and enjoins them to lend their assistance. Windsor Castle owes its massive magnificence to laborers impressed from every part of the kingdom. There is even a commission from Edward the Fourth to take as many workmen in gold as were wanting, and employ them at the king's cost upon the trappings of himself and his household.

Precisely the same end is sought under compulsory arbitration and industrial court laws. Such legislative measures would substitute the dictum of law for the free and voluntary acts of individuals. Under this form of legislation we would force the workers from a relation of contract back again to a condition of involuntary servitude, and where the dominion of the state would govern, rather than the will of the man expressed individually or collectively.

To place power in the hands of the government, whether in the judicial or legislative branch, to fix labor relations, to determine the status of workers, and to prescribe the conditions of work and rewards for service, is in conflict with the fundamental principles upon which our government is predicated.

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FORD'S CRUSADE FOR BUNK MONEY

By GUSTAVUS MYERS

WHEN, during an examination in court several years ago in a libel suit brought by him against a Chicago newspaper, Henry Ford scornfully declared that "history is bunk", he more than characterized the processes of his own mentality. He also—although unconsciously—reflected those of a certain proportion of our people. Every age has its peculiar style of egotism. But no age has approached ours in accrediting to itself unrivaled superiority. The marvels of scientific achievement have impressed popular imagination as establishing a civilization compared to which all that preceded us was puny. Judging solely by material splendor many persons feel sure that our generation is brilliantly distinct from its predecessor; that being more cultivated and wiser we need not consult precedent.

To the reflective the great war proved anew that in essentials our civilization is no different from the humanity of the past; externals vary, but the same passions and feelings persist, forming a continuous link with primitive eras. But upon the unthinking this philosophic lesson was lost. Mistaking mechanical excellence for the integrals of civilization—the things proceeding from mind and heart—they cannot see this truth. They know only that our grandfathers and those before them had none of the wondrous inventions of our day, and inasmuch as that was so they were of an inferior order. Of what concern are their experiences to us? Are there any lessons to be learned from generations that knew neither sky scrapers nor automobiles, electrical locomotion, airships, wireless? From this atti-

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tude—it may well be called a prevalent conceit—has arisen a disdain of the value of the teachings of history. Indeed, the fashion is now uncommon of boasting of ignorance of historical information as if its study and contemplation were a disgraceful proof of a backward mind.

It is not surprising that at such a time proposals that in former eras were repeatedly tried and discarded should be brought forward with assurance as profound, newly-discovered, original principles, and that they should impose both upon some shallow self-styled molders of public opinion, as well as upon an uninformed crowd. Nor is it incongruous that Mr. Ford should obtrude himself as the originator, expositor, and promoter of the latest of these schemes. An enterprising, capable manufacturer of cheap automobiles, Mr. Ford has not, however, been noted for the efficacy of his ventures outside the realm of business. Popular memory may be fleeting but there will be no general difficulty in recalling his fantastic attempt in 1915 to stop the war by sending to Europe a missionary "peace ship", loaded with a motley assortment of pacifists who, if reports were to be believed, were in a jangle of discord on the way over. Unmindful of the obloquy attending that expedition, Mr. Ford later embarked upon a campaign of assailing what he termed "the international Jew." This, also, proved a fiasco as might have been foreseen by any perspicacious mind. Without allowing even a discreet interval between one campaign and another, Mr. Ford has now publicly announced his abandonment of his denunciations of Jews to urge what he is pleased to regard as his plan for a readjustment of the money question.

In the case of his previous undertakings serious criticism was superfluous, for they were of a nature that could safely be left to effect their own speedy undoing. At different times organized attempts have been made in America to arouse religious animosities and incite one creed against another. After spasmodic careers each dismally failed. The instilling of religious hatred is the kind of performance

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that long ago was outlawed by the American people as opposed to the spirit of its institutions. But the money question is on a different footing; in advocating fiat issues the agitator—although he may not know it—is touching upon something that has intermittently long been an underlying weakness of some sections of American sentiment. Again and again during a period of more than a hundred and eighty years there have been fiat movements. Hard experience dissipated one after another, and it was thought on every occasion, finally. But after a period of deceptive quiescence, the agitation would reappear, needing only a leader to arouse it.

The advocacy of any issue by a single person may not at first glance seem important enough to notice. It happens, however, that in this matter the individual is one to whose utterance widespread newspaper publicity is freely given and to whom an unusual amount of public deference is accorded. The average American tendency to admire self-made exemplars of material success is in full evidence in Mr. Ford's case. His failures in sundry agitations are overlooked or forgotten while the fact that in seventeen years he has made a prodigious success in business stands out conspicuously in the popular mind as the sure proof of his capacity. In the common understanding there is no recognition that an ability may be specialized to one thing and one only; it is accepted as denoting ability in all things and as investing its possessor with the attributes of an oracle. Moreover, the sight of a man, having as he himself says, a bank balance of from one hundred and forty-five to one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, denouncing the "money power", gives him an air of a disinterested apostle of public good and assures a ready reception for his views, particularly in quarters ever willing to seize upon the old alluring idea of cheap fiat money.

Briefly stated, Mr. Ford's argument, put forth in the form of newspaper interviews, is this: Seeking to buy the Muscle Shoals plant in Alabama from the government,

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he pointed out what seemed to him a feasible way of the government's completing the dam without issuing interest-bearing notes. The forty million dollars necessary could be issued in greenbacks based upon the potential earnings of the plant. Then Mr. Ford launched upon a disquisition on the evils of gold, and insisted that currency could and should be based upon natural resources.

The cause of all wars, he declared, was gold, and the profit derived from war. History tells an entirely different story—of ferocious wars waged by savage tribes that did not know gold at all; of protracted wars of barbarism against civilization; of bitter racial and flaming religious wars; of wars of conflicting cultures and dynasties; of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary wars; and of other wars impelled by a variety of causes. But what are historic facts to Mr. Ford? Concentrating his attention upon gold he sees in it the great curse which has enslaved humanity. He generously says that he would not destroy gold; he would retain it for use in the arts and "for other useful purposes", but he would displace it as a substitute for currency and put in its place "the world's imperishable natural resources". The best security behind money, he holds, "is energy in a productive form". He is positive that contractors would unhesitatingly adopt this kind of money "because there is behind it the good faith and credit of the American people".

All of this and more to the same effect has been proclaimed with a solemnity and certainty as though some momentous new principle had been suddenly revealed. But all of it is old and stale; the experiment that Mr. Ford would have the American people try has been attempted on a number of occasions only to result disastrously.

Fiat money was a favorite popular delusion in colonial times. "Why is not paper money as good as coin?" was the argument then current. "Have we not vast resources to support it and give it full value?" Long before the American Revolution, South Carolina issued fiat paper

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money, but it progressively depreciated until by common consent it was abandoned.

Regardless of that experience fiat paper money was tried on a far more elaborate scale during the Revolution. In 1775 the plea was plausibly put forth that a country having such manifold rich natural resources did not need to resort to metal as a foundation for currency. The agitation for this kind of paper money made such headway that even many delegates to the Continental Congress favored it. When Mr. Ford declaims against interest-bearing bonds—which are based upon taxation—he is merely repeating what these delegates then asserted. "Do you think, gentlemen", said one of them during a debate, "that I will consent to load my constituents with taxes, when we can send to our printer, and get a wagon load of money, one quire of which will pay for the whole?" Benjamin Franklin and some other practical thinkers opposed the scheme, but they were aspersed as instruments of the "moneyed men". Fiat money advocates were numerous and loud and had their way; issue after issue of irredeemable paper money was manufactured and distributed.

The first effect was to give an appearance of prosperity with money circulating so plentifully. But this condition was artificial and brief. By 1777 prices had greatly risen; commodities could in general be bought only with specie; the Mennonites and Quakers in Pennsylvania refused to sell anything except for hard cash; and John Adams, writing from Massachusetts to a member of the Board of Treasury, described the general aversion to accepting paper money. The situation was worse the next year. In 1779 paper money had become almost valueless, and would hardly buy anything. Washington wrote that "a wagon load of money will hardly purchase a wagon load of provisions". Gold and silver were privately hoarded and disappeared from circulation. Barter became the prevailing mode of commerce. Convinced of the folly of its irredeemable paper issues, the Continental Congress in 1780

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put an end to Continental money, the act of that year declaring forty paper dollars equivalent to one in specie. But the actual difference in rate of exchange was far more: in the south one hundred and twenty paper dollars were demanded for one coin dollar.

New issues of paper money by Congress were based upon credit of the states. By 1781 the value of these paper dollars had so shrunk that it took two hundred and fifty to three hundred of them to procure one hard dollar. It was found impossible to transact business in paper money and its use ceased. Gold and silver were thereby forced from hiding, and specie became the money medium.

The value of the revolutionary paper money was predicated upon the Revolution succeeding and upon the abundance of natural wealth. Doubt of success may have had some share in the depreciation of paper money. But after the revolutionary cause was won, the results of fiat paper money were the same. In 1786 when military and other creditors importuned the states for payment, agitators pointed out that an easy way to discharge debts to them was to issue paper money. Under the influence of this new frenzy, nearly all of the states poured forth fiat money. The consequences were like those during the Revolution. This time, however, the people learned the salutary lesson. So wide were the ruination and misery caused by this issue of paper money and so intense the feeling, that when the Federal Constitution was under consideration care was taken to prevent a repetition. The original draft gave a qualified permission to the states to issue money. The final draft took away from them all power to coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

Skipping over the interval between then and 1861, it is only necessary to outline as a further illustration events during and following the Civil War. During that conflict the United States government issued four hundred and fifty million dollars of greenbacks or legal tender. Orig-

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inally they were convertible at the option of the holder into bonds bearing coin interest, but this provision was repealed in 1863. They then became irredeemable paper. The effects were instantaneous. To protect themselves against loss by fluctuations in the value of the currency, contractors and dealers advanced prices and kept advancing them. But the wages of labor were not advanced proportionately. The successive advances in prices were so many virtual curtailments of pay of workers and soldiers; it was upon the classes least able to afford the expense that the financial burdens of the war fell with the greatest weight. Greenbacks in the year 1864 were worth only thirty-five cents per gold dollar. In California business men declined to receive them except at their value in gold, and an act was passed by the California legislature—which was upheld by the highest courts—allowing contracts to be enforceable in any kind of money stipulated by the parties.

The Confederate financial system—or lack of system—was based upon the very fallacies that Mr. Ford now revives. The Confederacy avoided any real method of paying the cost of the war by taxation; it issued large quantities of irredeemable paper, and paid interest on loans in this paper. The south was deluged with paper money issued not only by the Confederate government but by the states, cities, banks, and even factories, turnpike, and insurance companies. It all became nearly worthless before the close of the war; and it has long been the opinion of competent students that had military force not succeeded in overthrowing it, the Confederacy would have collapsed financially.

Despite these experiences a greenback delirium came in the decade after the Civil War. That war left a huge debt which had to be paid in taxation. The very evils for which the irredeemable greenback issues were responsible were now singularly enough made the basis of a demand for more greenbacks. Originating at the time of the panic of 1873, the Greenback Party asked why bondholders should be paid interest in gold, while soldiers and sailors had been

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paid in depreciated greenbacks. It declared that all bonds which did not distinctly call for payment in coin should be redeemed in greenbacks. But the real aim of its agitation was "cheap money" to provide creditors with a facile means of discharging their debts. This movement persisted for nearly ten years. In its secondary stage, as the Greenback-Labor Party, it polled more than a million votes and then rapidly dwindled into nothingness. Succeeding it came the free silver movement which for a time made a great noise and then, also, passed away.

This is no place for a complete exposition of the subject. Only a few cogent facts have been related here, but they are enough to show that Mr. Ford had many progenitors in theory, each of whom was as confident that the system and solution he advocated were unerringly right. There are critics who accuse Mr. Ford of having an obsession in seeing conspiracies of "international Jew" and "international banker", but in justice to Mr. Ford it should be explained that he is unwittingly following in the footsteps of a line of predecessors. Orthodox socialist spokesmen have been addicted to the dictum that wars were hatched by "capitalistic conspiracies". Going farther back we note Greenback Party leaders ascribing social and industrial ills to "conspiracies of associated monopolies". Traveling still farther back to the time of the American Revolution we find evidence of this passion for detecting conspiracies. "The poorer sort look cunning, and give hints that the rich are aiming at a depreciation", wrote John Adams. It is a persisting delusion, that of conspiracies, and with but the thinnest change of guise, it is now again being offered for public consumption.

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FIRST AID TO AMERICANIZATION

By RALPH H. BEVAN

THE world war and Bolshevism have sufficiently stressed the very great importance of Americanization calculated to transform unassimilated or ignorant elements into cordially co-operating and intelligent classes of a united nation. Americanization is in miniature the delicate problem which the European nations must solve to live together in sympathetic co-operation. It calls for a wisdom and tact exceeding any hitherto displayed anywhere in the world. It cannot be solved without application of those enlightened principles needed to bring team work and health to the distracted world.

Too often Americanization has been identified with the dispersion of foreign colonies. Yet the settling of foreigners in congenial groups is useful as well as natural except where such groups are impervious to American influences. And even where foreign colonies are of a size or kind to involve dangerous isolation, efforts at distribution must be based on the most thorough consideration of probable consequences from many standpoints. Otherwise existing perils are likely to be followed by worse ones.

The confusion of Americanization with the teaching of English, according to Professor Miller of Oberlin College, has brought lasting evils more serious than ignorance of English. Very many, if not most, of our immigrants have sought refuge here from attempts to suppress national individuality—especially language. They have an almost religious devotion to their native tongues. For their languages their peoples have often struggled even unto death. Immigrants are unreasonably suspicious and antagonistic

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as to Americanization identified with the learning of English. It reminds them of European tyrannies. Americanization, moreover, which implies the inferiority of foreign literatures and cultures, besides strengthening suspicions that should be disarmed, encourages disrespect of foreign parents. It undermines their authority—their ability to bring up their children as law-abiding citizens. While rendering the parents less loyal, it weakens the character of their children. Yet are not character and loyalty incomparably the most important requisites of good citizens?

Entertaining reading in foreign languages, provided it is uplifting or instructive, may not only keep men out of mischief, but arm them against irresponsible agitators. Has not Americanization by the most enlightened library methods weighty claims as compared with lessons in English likely to antagonize? Cordial sympathy and appreciation cannot be more surely won than by the force of irresistible example. Can an America great-hearted and broad-minded enough to appreciate the best in all literatures, religions, and cultures fail to enjoy the grateful co-operation of the peoples welcomed into her cosmopolitan embrace? And a country far-sighted enough to respect the cultures of the parents must profit in its national character from thus reinforcing parental authority and control over the children.

The value of English for useful citizenship is not questioned. Yet its main importance is as a personal advantage in innumerable ways to the immigrant himself. If Americanization gives us upright, informed, and faithful citizens, the obvious worth of English to immigrants themselves can be depended on to insure their learning it in almost all cases. This is proved by the fact that even before the importance of making our foreigners love America as home was realized, over two-thirds acquired our tongue of their own initiative. According to the census of 1910, seven out of ten million non-English-speaking immigrants

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had learned English outside of schools. And if sympathetic concern for our foreigners' improvement and happiness does not sufficiently stimulate spontaneous interest in our language, cannot such interest most safely and effectually be stimulated by some incidental and tactful devices for adults analogous to the library diploma offered children for voluntary vacation reading?

If librarians and others grappling with the very important problem of Americanization find its knotty complexities and dilemmas disheartening, they may, perhaps, brace themselves with the thought that nothing worth while is easily achieved. And the travail of intelligent struggle measures the greatness of its probable fruits. Americanization workers are tackling, as localized in the United States, most of the problems of the human race. There may be legitimate inspiration in the realization that one is evolving workable principles of tolerance and sympathy in the application of which the demoralized world may find salvation from its dilemmas.

The value of censure to eliminate shortcomings is not questioned. Yet citizens should be even more zealous in appreciation. That, encouraging the good, tends not only to cut out the bad, but to do so by displacing it with something better.

Unless citizens do not owe it to the nation and themselves to encourage effort beneficial to both, warm commendation is certainly due our public libraries. So accustomed are we to their high standards of equipment and personnel—of courtesy and efficiency—that we accept them as a matter of course. As, however, the average person will on a moment's thought gratefully admit the incalculable addition the libraries are to public welfare, a general appreciation, even if possible within the limits of a short paper, would be superfluous. A recent widening and intensifying of their activities for community uplift and Americanization, nevertheless, may perhaps be usefully noticed. That, while illustrating their value and progres-

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siveness, is a less familiar phase of our libraries' service whose deserved recognition may prove very salutary for the nation.

The imperative needs for moral uplift and Americanization require not to be stressed. The first has always been painfully obvious. On the perils of unassimilated or ignorant populations, the world conflagration and Bolshevism have just thrown their lurid light. Our many alien elements must be taught co-operation in a common love for our institutions. They must be educated into intelligent, loyal citizens. Of the importance of this we have had awful warning. Let us take to heart, and profit from, our lessons. Otherwise perchance shall we deserve the disasters which threaten.

The overshadowing need for uplift and Americanization cannot be met in the home. Where such a need exists, it is because of the unfitness of the home itself, to which indeed the need belongs. Textbooks and schools can be improved as means to liberal Americanism. But school hours are more than filled with subjects already in the curriculum and reasonably claiming a place there. It is the libraries that have the child's free, spontaneous time at their disposal. Theirs is a grand opportunity to put the nation incalculably in their debt. They have the chance properly to fashion its character at its most plastic stage!

Then there is the improvement of adult immigrants. Here our dependence on far-sighted libraries would seem even more complete. Are we to be saved from bar rooms which teach contempt for law—which are even more demoralizing than those which merely ruined men? Are we to be secure from an anarchistic explosion for us at least many times more calamitous than the great war? And if so, to whom shall we owe these immeasurable benefits more than to enlightened libraries? The veriest tyro can see it. Theirs is indeed a golden opportunity!

The effective means employed by advanced library methods to induce habits of profitable reading and turn out valuable citizens may now be illustrated. There are the

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reading and science clubs, the story hour, and the reading diploma. Suburban excursions of science clubs contribute to physical and moral as well as mental health. The library reading diploma is given for satisfactory evidence that specified vacation reading has been advantageously done. Being earned voluntarily under competent direction, it would appear admirably adapted to develop a spontaneous interest in worth while reading.

A tangible goal is a spur, even for adults. Visible proof of accomplishment is a powerful motive, especially for children. And the child is particularly desirous of what his companions are getting. Forced attendance at church, again, has often caused lasting dislike. Persuading the young to instructive reading of their own free choice, the library diploma for vacation reading seems nicely adjusted to cultivate uplifting reading habits.

A noteworthy feature of community education by alert libraries, as typified by a branch library observed, is the skilful use of artistic hand-made bulletins in prominent places, and of drawings, diagrams, magazine illustrations, photographs, pictures, models, etc. Under this head comes the kaleidoscopic library museum. Probably the librarians themselves would be the first to object to a title so dignified. A few square feet of informing specimens or representations have to constitute the "museum" in a small branch library. Very modest this fascinating magnet for children may indeed be. It is, nevertheless, a constant succession of varied scenes—a perpetual panorama in miniature. It is an ever active radiator of wholesome knowledge, vividly illustrating in turn the sciences of human, animal, plant, and inanimate existence.

By the various means suggested, practical information, general, scientific, and cultural—on current topics, history, biography, zoology, botany, elementary ethics, and numberless other important subjects—is imparted. The vast good thus accomplished is so quietly done that it is in danger of being underestimated. It is not achieved, however,

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let the public thankfully remember, without the expenditure of much time and thought, and by librarians carefully trained in community uplift and Americanization.

One of the most notable features of library activities which has recently attracted attention was an undertaking so enterprising as to receive commendatory notice in *Public Libraries*. This was a personal house to house canvass of their district by the librarians of a branch of the Providence public library. The canvass was to inform the library of its opportunities to enlarge its service, and the neighborhood of its library advantages. It was not without disagreeable experiences, requiring pluck to carry through. But it revealed unexpectedly numerous and varied foreign elements. And it acquainted such with facilities for reading in their own languages which they had not even realized.

In the case of the branch library used as an example, the consequences of up-to-date devices such as those indicated, were most gratifying. Reading on approved subjects was increased over nine hundred per cent. Two hundred and fifty children have been known to enjoy a single educational story hour. And attendance, according to a count in the busy season, was multiplied to at least seven times what the branch could accommodate according to accepted standards. To cap the climax, moreover, the State Federation of Women's Clubs, together with a neighborhood organization, has been moved to consider, jointly with this branch library, a co-operative movement to carry forward the very important work of Americanization with the greatest success. If these results are typical, our libraries' opportunity to extend their uplift and Americanization service would seem limited only by the resources available for expansion. Hard indeed would it be to exaggerate the illimitable national benefits of stimulating, the country over, an innovation of such far-reaching, cumulative possibilities!

The world has invested billions in battleships. These may presently be rendered worthless by improved bombing planes and submarines. Under existing circumstances it

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is cheering to remind ourselves that there have been philanthropists wise enough to endow libraries. These are for the building of a national character and far-sighted Americanism that will make for world peace and co-operation. May all leaders and helpers in such work as is here outlined never lack substantial appreciation and support! May they ever have encouragement and means energetically to carry out their beneficent policy. May they be enabled to develop and expand to the utmost the library service as an institution for uplift, Americanization, and progress!

LITTLE HOUSE

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

The little house! It is so small
I have not found it yet at all,
And as year follows patient year,
Strange towns of countries far and near,
Return the answer: "Nay, not here!"
And yet I know the lamplight falls
Caressingly upon its walls,
And I would touch them if I could,
To know if they are stone or wood.

There is a chair for you, and there
The light falls golden on your hair,
But—with your graying lips unkissed,
The spiral shadows coil and twist
About you as you turn to mist.
Our little house! Its window panes,
Stung by a thousand passionate rains,
Are blind with ivy, and the moss
Creeps on the sill that we must cross.

It would not be so hard to wait,
If I were sure about the gate.
A broken latch were trivial now
To dazzled eyes, that marveled how
The sunrise rested on your brow—
But dawn is terrible, unless
Love soothes its awful loveliness.
Ah, love what fierce dawns storm and dare
The little house that waits somewhere!

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A NEGLECTED AND MYSTERIOUS GENIUS

By ARTHUR SYMONS

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, on the nineteenth of March, 1821, Sir Richard Burton was born; he died at Trieste on the nineteenth of October, 1890, at the age of seventy. He was superstitious; the fact that he was born and that he died on the nineteenth has its significance. On the night when he expired, as his wife was saying prayers to him, a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death. It was an evil omen; I have heard long after midnight dogs howl in the streets of Constantinople; their howling is only broken by the tapping of the bekje's iron staff; it sounds like loud wind or water far off, waning and waxing,and at times, as it comes across the water from Stamboul, it is like a sound of strings, plucked and scraped savagely by an orchestra of stringed instruments.

In every age there have been I know many neglected men of genius, undiscovered, misunderstood, mocked in the fashion Jesus Christ was mocked by the Jews, scorned as Dante was scorned when he was exiled from Florence, called a madman as Blake used to be called, censured as Swinburne was in 1866, for being "an unclean fiery imp of the pit" and "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs;" so the greatest as the least—the greatest whose names are always remembered and the least whose names are invariably forgotten—have endured the same prejudices; have been lapidated by the same stones; such stones as Burton refers to when he writes in Mecca:

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"On the great festival day we stoned the Devil, each man with seven stones washed in seven waters, and we said, while throwing the stones, 'In the name of Allah—and Allah is Almighty—I do this in hatred of the Devil, and to his shame'."

Burton was a great man, a great traveler and adventurer, who practically led to the discovery of the sources of the Nile; a wonderful linguist, he was acquainted with twenty-nine languages: he was a man of genius; only, the fact is, he was not a great writer. Continually thwarted by the English government, he was barred from some of the most famous expeditions by the folly of his inferiors who ignorantly supposed they were his superiors; and as Sir H. H. Johnston says in some of his notes, not only was Burton treated unjustly, but his famous pilgrimage to Mecca won him no explicit recognition from the Indian government; his great discoveries in Africa, Brazil, Syria, and Trieste were never appreciated; and, worst of all, he was refused the post of British Minister in Morocco; it was persistently denied him. He adds: "Had he gone there we might long since have known—what we do not know—the realities of Morocco."

Still, when Burton went to India I do not imagine he was likely to suffer from any hostility on the part of the natives nor of the rulers. Lord Clive, who, in Browning's words "gave England India," which was the result of his incredible victory in 1751 over the Nabob's army of sixty thousand men, was never literally "loved" by the races of India; no more than Sir Warren Hastings. Still, Clive had genius, which he showed in the face of a bully he caught cheating at cards and in his mere shout at him: "You did cheat, go to Hell!" Impeached for the splendid service he had done in India he was acquitted in 1773; next year, having taken to opium, his own hand dealt himself his own doom. So he revenged himself on his country's ingratitude.

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So did Burton revenge himself—not in deeds but in words, words, if I may say so, that are stupendous:

"I struggled for forty-seven years, I distinguished myself honorably in every way I possibly could. I never had a compliment nor a 'thank you', nor a single farthing. I translated a doubtful book in my old age, and I immediately made sixteen thousand guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England we need never be without money."

Burton first met Swinburne in 1861 at Lord Houghton's house, who, having given him "The Queen Mother", said:

"I bring you this book, because the author is coming here this evening, so that you may not quote him as an absurdity to himself."

In the summer of 1865 Swinburne saw a great deal of Burton. These two men, externally so dissimilar, had taken (as Swinburne said to me) a curious fancy, an absolute fascination, for one another. Virile and a mysterious adventurer, Burton was Swinburne's senior by sixteen years; one of those things that linked them together was certainly their passionate love of literature. Burton had also—which Swinburne might perhaps have envied—an almost unsurpassable gift for translation, which he shows in his wonderful version of "The Arabian Nights." He used to say:

"I have not only preserved the spirit of the original, but the *mécanique*. I don't care a button about being prosecuted, and if the matter comes to a fight, I will walk into the court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public."

In his foreword to the first volume of his translation dated Wanderers' Club, August fifteenth, 1885, he says:

"This work, laborious as it may appear, has been to me a labor of love, an unfailing source of solace and satisfaction. During my long years of official banishment to the luxurious and deadly deserts of western Africa, it proved truly a charm, a talisman against ennui and despondency.

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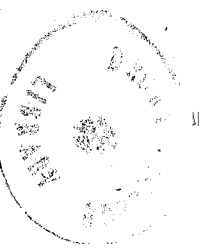
The Jinn bore me at once to the land of my predilection, Arabia. In what is obscure in the original there are traces of Petronius Arbiter and of Rabelais; only, subtle corruption and covert licentiousness are wholly absent."

Therefore, in order to show the wonderful quality of his translation I have chosen certain of his sentences, which literally bring back to me all that I have felt of the heat, the odor and the fascination of the East.

> So I donned my mantilla, and, taking with me the old woman and the slave girl, I went to the Khan of the merchants. There I knocked at the door and out came two white slave girls, both young, high-bosomed virgins, as they were moons. They were melting a perfume whose like I had never before smelt; and so sharp and subtle was the odor that it made my senses drunken as with strong wine. I saw there also two great censers each big as a mazzar bowl, flaming with aloes, nard, perfumes, ambergris and honied scents; and the place was full of their fragrance.



The next quotation is from "The Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinn:"

> He loosened the lid from the jar, he shook the vase to pour out whatever might be inside. He found nothing in it; whereat he marveled with an exceeding marvel. But presently there came forth from the jar a smoke which spread heavenwards into ether (whereat again he marveled with mighty marvel) and which trailed along the earth's surface till presently, having reached its full height, the thick vapors condensed, and became an Ifrit, huge of bulk, whose crest touched the clouds when his feet were on the ground.

I have before me Smithers' privately printed edition (1894) of "The Carmina of Caius Valerius Catullus, now first completely Englished into Verse and Prose, the Metrical Part by Captain Sir Richard Burton, and the Prose Portion by Leonard C. Smithers." Burton is right in saying that "the translator of original mind who notes the innumerable shades of tone, manner and complexion will not neglect the frequent opportunities of enriching his mother-tongue with novel and alien ornaments which shall justify the accounted barbarisms until formally naturalized and adopted. He must produce an honest and faithful copy,

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adding naught to the sense or abating aught of its *cachet.*" He ends his foreword:

"As discovery is mostly my mania, I have hit upon a bastard urging to indulge it, by a presenting to the public of certain classics in the nude Roman poetry, like the Arab, and of the same date."

Certainly Burton leaves out nothing of the nakedness that startles one in the verse of Catullus: a nakedness that is as honest as daylight and as shameless as night. When the text is obscene his translation retains its obscenity; which on the whole, is rare: for the genius of Catullus is elemental, primitive, nervous, passionate, decadent in the modern sense, and in the modern sense, perverse. In his rhymed version of the "Attis", Burton has made a prodigious attempt to achieve the impossible. Not being a poet, he was naturally unable to follow the rhythm—the galliambic metre, in which Catallus obtains variety of rhythm; for, as Robinson Ellis says:

"It remains unique as a wonderful expression of abnormal feeling in a quasi-abnormal metre. Quasi-abnormal however only: for no poem of Catullus follows stricter laws, or succeeds in conveying the idea of a wild freedom under a more carefully masked regularity."

As one must inevitably compare two translations of the same original, I have to point out that Burton's rendering is, both metrically and technically, inaccurate; whereas, in another rendering the translator has at least preserved the exact metre, the exact scansion, and the double endings at the end of every line; not of course, in this case, employing the double rhymes Swinburne used in his translation from Aristophanes. These are Burton's first lines:

> O'er high deep seas in speedy ship his voyage Atys sped
> Until he trod the Phrygian grove with hurried eager tread
> And as the gloomy tree-shorn stead, the she-god's home, he sought
> There sorely stung with fiery ire and madman's raging thought,
> Share he with sharpened flint the freight wherewith his frame was fraught.

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These are the first lines of the other version:

Over ocean Attis sailing in a swift ship charioted
When he reached the Phrygian forests, and with rash foot violently
Trod the dark and shadowy regions of the goddess, wood-garlanded
And with ravening madness ravished, and his reason abandoning him,
Seized a pointed flint and sundered from his flesh his virility.

Burton himself admitted that he was a devil; for said he: "the Devil entered into me at Oxford." Evidently, also, besides his mixture of races, he was a mixture of the normal and the abnormal; he was perverse and passionate; he was imaginative and cruel; he was easily stirred to rage. Nearly six feet in height, he had, together with his broad shoulders, the small hands and feet of the Orientals; he was Arab in his prominent cheek bones; he was gypsy in his terrible, magnetic eyes—the sullen eyes of a stinging serpent. He had a deeply bronzed complexion, a determined mouth, half hidden by a black moustache, which hung down in a peculiar fashion on both sides of his chin. This peculiarity I have often seen in men of the wandering tribe in Spain and in Hungary. Wherever he went he was welcomed by the gypsies; he shared with them their horror of a corpse, of death scenes, and of grave yards.

"He had the same restlessness", wrote his wife, "which could stay nowhere long nor own any spot on earth. Hagar Burton, a gypsy woman, cast my horoscope, in which she said: 'You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we.' I met Richard two months later, in 1856, and was engaged to him."

It is a curious fact that John Varley who cast Blake's horoscope in 1820, also cast Burton's; who, as he says, had finished his "Zodiacal Physiognomy" so as to prove that every man resembled after a fashion the sign under which he was born. His figures are either human or bestial; some remind me of those where men are represented in the form

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of animals in Giovanni della Porta's "Fisonomia dell' Huomo" (Venice, 1668) which is before me as I write. Swinburne himself once showed to me his copy of the same book. Nor have I ever forgotten his saying to me, in regard to Burton's nervous fears:

"The look of unspeakable horror in those eyes of his gave him, at times, an almost unearthly appearance." He added: "This reminds me of what Kiomi says in Meredith's novel: 'I'll dance if you talk of dead people,' and so begins to dance and to whoop at the pitch of her voice. I suppose both had the same reason for this force of fear: to make the dead people hear." Then he flashed at me this unforgettable phrase: "Burton had the jaw of a devil and the brow of a god."

In one of his letters he says, I suppose by way of *persiflage* in regard to himself and Burton: "En moi vous voyez Les Malheurs de la Vertu, en lui Les Prospérités du Vice." In any case, it is to entertain Burton, when he writes: "I have in hand a scheme of mixed verse and prose—a sort of étude à la Balzac *plus* the poetry—which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have done: 'Lesbia Brandon.' You see I have now a character to keep up, and by the grace of Coytto I will."

Swinburne began "Lesbia Brandon" in 1859; he never finished it; what remains of it consists of seventy-five galleys, number twenty-five to ninety-seven, besides four unprinted chapters. The first, "A Character", was written in 1864; "An Episode", in 1866, "Turris Eburnea", in 1886; "La Bohême Dédorée", must have been written a year or two later. Mr. Gosse gives a vivid description of Swinburne, who was living in number thirteen Great James Street, and who was never weary of his unfinished novel, reading to him parts of two chapters in June 1877.

"He read two long passages, the one a ride over a moorland by night, the other the death of his heroine, Lesbia Brandon. After reading aloud all these things with amazing violence, he seemed quite exhausted."

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It is possible to decipher a few sentences from two pages of his manuscript; first, in "Turris Eburnea:"

> "Above the sheet, below the boudoir," said the sage. Her ideal was marriage, to which she clung, which revealed to astonished and admiring friends the vitality of a dubious intellect within her. She had not even the harlot's talent of discernment.

This is Leonora Harley. In "La Bohême Dédorée" we read:

> Two nights later Herbert received a note from Mr. Linley inviting him to a private supper. Feverish from the contact of Mariani and hungry for a chance of service, he felt not unwilling to win a little respite from the vexation of patience. The sage had never found him more amenable to the counsel he called reason. Miss Brandon had not lately crossed his way. Over their evening Leonora Harley guided with the due graces of her professional art. It was not her fault if she could not help asking her younger friend when he had last met a darker beauty: she had seen him once with Lesbia.

In 1848 Burton determined to pass in India for an Oriental; the disguise he assumed was that of a half-Arab, half-Iranian, thousands of whom can be met along the northern shore of the Persian Gulf. He set out on his first pilgrimage as Mirza Abdulla the Bushiri, as a *buzzaz,* vendor of fine linen, muslins and *bijouterie;* he was admitted to the harems, he collected the information he required from the villagers; he won many women's hearts, he spent his evenings in the mosques; and, after innumerable adventures, he wended his way to Mecca. His account of this adventure is thrilling. The first cry was: "Open the way for the Haji who would enter the House!" Then:

> Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by a youth of the Benu Shazban family, the true blood of the El Hejaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Ka'abeh, and presently taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left corner of the hall, he officially inquired my mother-nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building,

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> and to recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, and a crowd of excited fanatics below—"and the place death, considering who I was," my feelings were those of the trapped rat description, acknowledged by the immortal nephew of his uncle Perez. A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, a prayer or bow, not strictly the right shibboleth, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayer, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white *ihram*.

After having seen the howling dervishes in Scutari in Asia, I can imagine Burton's excitement when in Cairo he suddenly left his stolid English friends, joined in the shouting gesticulating circle, and behaved as if to the manner born: he held his diploma as a master dervish. In Scutari I felt the contagion of these dancers, where the brain reels, and the body is almost swept into the orgy. I had all the difficulty in the world keeping back the woman who sat beside me from leaping over the barrier and joining the dervishes. In these I felt the ultimate, because the most animal, the most irrational, the most insane, form of Eastern ecstasy. It gave one an impression of witchcraft; one might have been in Central Africa, or in some saturnalia of barbarians.

There can be no doubt that Burton always gives a vivid and virile impression of his adventures; yet, as I have said before, something is lacking in his prose; not the vital heat, but the vision of what is equivalent to vital heat. I have before me a letter sent from Hyderabad by Sarojini Naidu who says:

> All is hot and fierce and passionate, ardent and unashamed in its exulting and importunate desire for life and love. And, do you know, the scarlet lilies are woven petal by petal from my heart's blood, those quivering little birds are my soul made incarnate music, these heavy perfumes are my emotions dissolved into aerial essence, this flaming blue and gold sky is the "Very You," that part of me that incessantly and insolently, yes, and a little deliberately, triumphs over that other part—a thing of nerves and tissues that suffers and cries out, and that must die tomorrow perhaps, or twenty years hence.

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In these sentences the whole passionate, exotic, and perfumed East flashes before me—a vision of delight and of distresses—and, as it were, all that slumbers in their fiery blood.

"Not the fruit of experience," wrote Walter Pater, "but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated dramatic life. To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

Alas, how few lives out of the cloud-covered multitude of existences have burned always with this flame! I have said somewhere that we can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely enough. So few people succeed greatly because so few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that without tiring and without deviating. The Adventurer of whom I am writing failed, over and over again, in spite of the fact that he conceived and could have executed great ends: never by his own fault, always by the fault of others.

Richard Burton dedicated his literal version of the epic of Camoens to "The Prince of the Lyric Poets of his Day, Algernon Charles Swinburne." He begins: "My dear Swinburne, accept the unequal exchange—my brass for your gold. Your 'Poems and Ballads' began to teach the Philistine what might there is in the music of language, and what marvel of lyric inspiration, far subtler and more ethereal than poetry, means to the mind of man."

In return for this, Swinburne dedicated to him "Poems and Ballads," Second Series: "Inscribed to Richard F. Burton in redemption of an old pledge and in recognition of a friendship which I must always count among the highest honors of my life."

It was nine years before then that they were together in the south of France when Swinburne was seized by a severe illness; and as he assured me, it was Burton who, with more than a woman's care and devotion, restored him to health. The pledge—it was not the covenant sealed be-

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tween the two greatest, the two most passionate lovers in the world, Iseult and Tristan, on the deck of that ship which was the ship of Life, the ship of Death, in the mere drinking of wine out of a flagon, which, being of the nature of a most sweet poison, consumed their limbs and gave intoxication to their souls and to their bodies—but a pledge in the wine Swinburne and Burton drank in the hot sunshine.

> For life's helm rocks to windward and lee,
> And time is as wind, and as waves are we,
> And song is as foam that the sea-waves fret,
> Though the thought at its heart should be deep as the sea.

It was in July 1869 that Swinburne joined the Burtons and Mrs. Sartoris at Vichy. As I have never forgotten Swinburne's wonderful stories about Burton—besides those on Rossetti and Mazzini—I find in a letter of his to his mother words he might really have altered:

> If you had seen *him,* when the heat and the climb and the bothers of traveling were too much for me—in the very hot weather—helping, waiting on me—going out to get me books to read in bed—and always kind, thoughtful, ready, and so bright and fresh that nothing but a lizard (I suppose that is the most insensible thing going) could have resisted his influence—I feel sure you would like him (you remember you said you didn't) and then—love him, as I do. I never expect to see his like again—but *him* I do hope to see again, and when the time comes to see him at Damascus as H. B. M. Consul.

They traveled in carriages, went to Clermont-Ferrand, where Pascal was born; then to Le Puy-en-Velay. In 1898 I stayed with the Countess de la Tour in the Chateau de Chameâne, Puy de Dame, and after leaving her I went to Le Puy-en Velay. I hated it, the Burtons did not. Stuck like a limpet on a rock, the main part of the town seems to be clinging to the side of the hill on which the monstrous statue desecrates the sky. At night I saw its gilt crown merge into a star, but by day it is intolerably conspicuous, and at last comes to have an irrational fascination, leading one to the very corners where it can be seen best. And always, do what you will, you cannot get away from this statue. It spoils the sky. The little cloister,

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with its ninth century columns, is the most delightful spot in Le Puy; only the intolerable statue from which one cannot escape, showed me nature and humanity playing pranks together, at their old game of parodying the ideal. This is Swinburne's comment:

> Set far between the ridged and foamless waves
> Of earth more fierce and fluctuant than the sea,
> The fearless town of towers that hails and braves
> The heights that gild, the sun that brands Le Puy.

Recently there has been a great Pardon at Le Puy. I have seen several pilgrimages, in Moscow, for instance, at Serjevo, which is an annual pilgrimage to the Troitsa Monastery, and in these people there was no fervor, no excitement, but a dogged desire of doing something which they had set out to do. They were mostly women, and they flung themselves down on the ground; they lay there with their hands on their bundles, themselves like big bundles of rags. How different a crowd from this must have assembled at Le Puy; made so famous so many centuries ago by the visitations of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, who left, in 1254, in the Cathedral, a little image of Horus and Isis. Then, there was Jeanne d'Arc who in 1429 sent her mother there instead of herself, being much too busy: she was on the way to Orleans.

As it is, Our Lady gets all the honors; only, there is a much older Chapel of Saint Michael, which is perched on the sheer edge of a rock; it is perhaps more original than any in France, with the exception of the chapel of Saint Bonizel in Avignon. When I stood there and looked down from that great height, I remembered—but with what a difference!—Montserrat in Spain; where the monastery seemed a part of the mountain; and from this narrow ledge between earth and heaven, a mere foothold on a great rock, I looked up only at sheer peaks, and down only into veiled chasms, or over mountainous walls to a great plain, ridged as if the naked ribs of the earth were laid bare.

I have been assured, by many who knew him, that Richard

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Burton had a vocabulary which was one of his inventions; a shameless one—as shameless as the vocabularies invented by Paul Verlaine and by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, which are as vivid to me as when I heard their utterances. These shared with Villiers de Isle Adam that sardonic humor which is not so much satire, as the revenge of beauty on ugliness, the persecution of the ugly; the only laughter of our generation which is as fundamental as that of Rabelais and of Swift. Burton, who had much the same contempt for women that Baudelaire imagined he had, only with that fixed stare of his that disconcerted them, did all that with deliberate malice. There was almost nothing in this world that he had not done, exulted in, glorified in. Like Villiers, he could not pardon stupidity; to both it was incomprehensible: both saw that stupidity is more criminal than even vice, if only because stupidity is incurable, if only because vice is curable. Burton, who found the Arabs, in their delicate depravity, ironical—irony being their breath of life—might have said with Villiers: "L'Esprit du Siècle, ne l'oublions pas, est aux machines."

Every individual face has as many different expressions as the soul behind it has moods; therefore, the artist's business is to create on paper, or on his canvas, the image which was none of these, but which those helped to make in his own soul. I see, as it were, surge before me, an image of Swinburne in his youth, when, with his passionate and pale face, with its masses of fiery hair, he has almost the aspect of Ucello's Gallazzo Malatesta. Burton's face has no actual beauty in it, it reveals a tremendous animalism, an air of repressed ferocity, a devilish fascination. There is almost a tortured magnificence in this huge head; tragic and painful, with its mouth that aches with desire; with those dilated nostrils that drink in I know not what strange perfumes.

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ENGLAND AND THE GENOA CONFERENCE

By FREDERICK W. WILSON

WHETHER or no the Genoa Conference is held, postponed or given up, the political theories advanced by Mr. Lloyd George as his reasons for calling it represent the high water mark in a gradual evolution of a policy for reconstructing Europe, in accord with the ordinary British desires for sound trade, and with the British Premier's own political hopes. The Genoa Conference is a long call from the election of 1918 when on two stupid, though popular cries, "Hang the Kaiser" and "Make Germany Pay", Mr. Lloyd George took his Coalition government into power with an enormous unwieldy and heterogeneous majority. The attempt was made at Versailles to embody these election cries in treaty form, and though shrewd observers of European conditions realized, early in 1919, that such principles were absurd and child-like, to the eternal discredit of allied statesmen, they were accepted and over two years have been spent since then realizing how fatuous amateur statesmen can be. It must, however, be written down to Mr. Lloyd George's credit that he has been the first to realize that something more than attractive election phrases are necessary to the salvation of Europe. There is no statesman in the world today who keeps his ear so close to the ground. There are few politicians who profit so quickly by their mistakes and this combination of adroit statesmanship with the sharp practices of the party politician have helped Lloyd George's normal evolution to develop on its present lines.

I honestly think that down at bottom Mr. Lloyd George

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is still the Liberal idealist. The exigencies of his peculiar position have forced him to pay more attention than he ought to what we call in England "The Hard Faced Brigade". The British Premier has no political party or party organization of his own. In 1918 he was in the hands of Mr. Bonar Law and that smart Scottish brewer, Sir George Younger. He was dependent on the conservative bloc who in the main derived their political principles from prejudice rather than reason. To them the military alliance with France was a glorious thing full of decorations and the vain pomp of armies. They were as ignorant of the economic conditions of Germany as they were of its language. They advocated the abolition of all rebels whether they were found in Ireland, Egypt, or India, and to them Russia and the Soviet regime were like the anti-Christ to the mediaeval Catholic. They approximated towards the most intense French feeling against Germany and were completely out of touch with economic reality. Politically they were, until the recent splits over Ireland and economy, the strongest party in the House of Commons. They carried with them a number of amiable deadheads in the British Cabinet, who were just strong enough stubbornly to oppose any advance by Mr. Lloyd George towards liberal feeling.

The disturbing domestic winds of economy, Ireland and unemployment forced this bloc completely to hand over the helm to Mr. Lloyd George. Their fatuous lack of constructive policy drove them in a panic before the attacks of anti-waste into the arms of the man they distrusted most, and Mr. Lloyd George has only been able during the last year to move toward the left and to carry out his liberal policy in Europe by the unspoken threat of resignation. But for a long time, against his better judgment, the Welsh wizard was forced to go slowly and even at times to support policies which, in his heart of hearts, he knew to be wrong. For a long time Mr. Winston Churchill was able to wage spasmodic and inefficient war against the

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Bolshevist régime. He lisped about the "Mothcow monthters", while his chief listened with a sardonic smile and dreamt of the balmy breezes which might have played around the magic isle of Prinkipoo. For long the almost criminal Ulster obstinacy forced Mr. Lloyd George to wage war in Ireland and thus to alienate world opinion against Great Britain. For months British business men lived in a false atmosphere of security believing that their business troubles would be righted by German gold marks and that the boom year of 1920 was going to be the first of many years of prosperity. But all the time Lloyd George was impatient and with his growing sense of the need for an all-embracing scheme of reconstruction rebelled at his forced restraint, and almost welcomed the domestic troubles which strengthened his power at home, and enabled him to bid for the political domination of Europe.

Here I must explain that there is no real political stability about Mr. Lloyd George. I doubt if he has a political creed, but he has something much more valuable. He has an instinct for politics and a rare intuition for doing the right thing. He learns from men—not from books. When he was at the Treasury the staid, well trained, civil servants used to complain that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could neither read nor write. It is often said of him that while his solution of a problem is invariably instinctively right, his reasons are always wrong. He diagnoses with an unerring accuracy. He prescribes with vision and insight. His defense is puerile. At the same time this little Welsh non-conformist, impassioned defender of an oppressed minority, is today the most whole-hearted imperialist and upholder of the British throne. There is no smile so genuine as the smile of Mr. Lloyd George as he basks in the mellow splendor of the Court. Mr. Lloyd George with the Order of Merit around his neck is a very different person from the Lloyd George who was mobbed at Birmingham during the Boer War for making pacifist speeches. And yet the connecting link is the man's per-

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sonality and instinct for the right thing. The rather sordid game of politics has developed that adroitness in him which is, at the same time, so admired and deplored. His rather parochial training has made him believe rather in men than in movements, with the result that with the growth of his experience he has not so much broadened his mind as enlarged his sympathy.

All this domestic introduction is very necessary in understanding the reasons for calling the Genoa Conference; for at the same time as domestic affairs were molding Mr. Lloyd George's destiny, certain important foreign questions were having an equal effect on his orientation. Gradually the white heat and fervor with which Mr. Lloyd George defended France during the war has given way to an impatience and distrust, approaching at times to dislike for that country's methods and policies. In the days of the peace treaty when Mr. Lloyd George was skilfully flattering President Wilson and M. Clemenceau, his most difficult task was converting the *sine qua nons* of the British experts into diplomatic possibilities. Since then before the hard realities of fact Mr. Lloyd George has been guiding both his experts and his political colleagues into wiser paths.

It is often alleged, and I must admit with some degree of truth, that British policy, while phrased in idealistic tones, is always the policy of the shrewd shop keeper, and it is suggested that Mr. Lloyd George is pursuing his policy of reconstruction in Europe for very selfish British trade reasons. I do not think this is true for a moment, although it is not to be doubted that some of the more learned of his colleagues have made strenuous efforts to direct the mind of their chief along such channels. The main motive actuating Mr. Lloyd George and as finally expressed in his desire for the Genoa Conference is the birth, breeding and perpetuation of a more liberal spirit in the affairs of Europe. I am not for one moment blind to the economic advantages and the domestic advantages of such a policy. They may

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even, as I have above suggested, have been conscious determining factors in Mr. Lloyd George's advancements, but I urge that Mr. Lloyd George himself would quite honestly put his hand over the place where he pins his *Légion d'Honneur* and claim that he was actuated by the highest and most honorable of motives.

In one of his lectures Bishop Stubbs used to explain Henry the Eighth's complex domestic life by that monarch's capacity for convincing himself that whatever he did was right. He also permitted himself of a rare episcopal joke by pointing out that if there was any further reason wanted for these regal entanglements, a few moment's study of the portraits of his succeeding queens would give ample justification for a change of faith. Mr. Lloyd George in his political likes and dislikes is very like Henry the Eighth. He is quite convinced that what he is doing is right and if he wants further reason he asks the world to look at his forsaken love and lament with him over her faded beauty. That is what he is doing with France. In effect he says:

"I knew very little of the lady when first I met her. She was then looking her very best—such spirit, such *élan!* She spoke to me in dulcet tones which I could understand and which raised sympathetic echoes in my breast! So charming was she, so captivating that I assisted her, and all my family with me, in defeating and humbling her traditional enemy.—But what a temper the lady has! Instead of settling down nice and quietly after the rumpus she is always egging me on to further hostile acts. After all, I and my family never felt so bitterly over the matter as she did. We were very tired of the affair and after five expensive years of trouble we want a little peace—and besides, in those five years the lady's beauty has not stood the strain very well."

More seriously, French and British policy are today at the cross-roads. England is a producing, manufacturing, industrial country. Her prosperity depends upon her exporting more than she imports. She must have foreign

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customers. She lives on foreign trade. To her the most serious result of the war has been the withdrawal of three hundred and fifty million of people from the markets of Europe. From a psychological point of view, England is a nation with a very short memory for hatreds and a very long one for good business. It is of vital interest to Great Britain, not so much that Germany should pay reparations and indemnity, but that Germany and the Central Powers should be capable of buying British-made goods. France on the other hand is financially one of the most decrepit countries in Europe. Her budgets would alarm any other nation, without her similar sense of peculiar humor. Her taxation is the principal jest of all Parisian theatres. She wants money and gold. She is not a producing nation in the sense that either the United States, Great Britain, or Germany are.

Besides which, she has inherited from the war and has distilled from her history an intense, passionate hatred of all things Teutonic, and she is determined that when, now at last, she is top dog, her enemy of the ages will never be allowed to recover. She has supported Poland in order to surround Germany with strong anti-Germanic states. No Pole desired the whole of Silesia till France told him that it was necessary for the peace and prosperity of Europe, that the rich economic sources of that German-developed country should be handed over for their mismanagement. France has desired and fought energetically for the left bank of the Rhine. She has fanned the separatistic movement by every means in her power. She has even measured the skulls of harmless Bavarian officials in the Bavarian Palatinate to prove to them that they are really Franks and not Germans. Such idiotic measures coupled with the brutal indifference with which she has plastered the Rhineland, German's "Garden of God", with her hideous colored troops, has done more in two years to create a pan-Germanic feeling there than all the tortuous unification policies of a dozen Bismarcks.

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France wants to annex the Ruhr, and the busy smoke stacks of the new peaceful Essen infuriate every Frenchman. She is intriguing with Catholic and monarchical Bavaria in order to form a separate Catholic state in the south of Germany. She wishes the disintegration and the ruin of her traditional enemy, and at the same time she wishes to extract every gold mark possible. Every Frenchman who travels from Paris to Cologne passes through the devastated area, and arrives in the Dom Platz in a state of concentrated fury. In a way, French policy and the French attitude can be understood, but most people will agree with Mr. Lloyd George that such a policy leads nowhere and cannot help the present slough of despondency in which Europe now finds itself.

Besides these feelings against Germany, France now is very bitter against Great Britain. A Frenchman traveling recently in England was asked on his return how he had been treated. "Oh", he said, "I talked German everywhere and had a royal reception." This is an exaggerated and witty reflection of a deplorable state of affairs. One of the great sources of trouble between France and England, since the Armistice, has been the coal question. For labor reasons, Great Britain has only been able to supply France with coal at a vastly increased cost, though very much cheaper than the price of the same coal in England. For very sound economic reasons, Great Britain cut down at Spa, the supplies Germany had to send to France, and the bitterness on this subject was further increased when it was discovered in England that France was reselling German coal, supplied under the Versailles Treaty, to Germans at a higher price than was scheduled under that Treaty. Our supplies were cut down and the last conversation our Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne had with M. Loucheur, France's Minister for the Devastated Regions, was full of recrimination and bitterness. This frame of mind on both sides was not helped by the Wiesbaden agreement, on which Sir John Bradbury smiled with faint

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praise, echoing in his criticisms many arguments which sounded a little too German for French ears. In addition the French have felt "sore" at Great Britain's seizure of colonies and ships from Germany, at our conflicting interests in the Near East, at our dallyings with Russia and our growing *rapprochement* with Germany.

To the British Premier's liberal schemes of reconstruction France opposes her militarism. It is this fundamental divergence that has dictated to Mr. Lloyd George's mind the method of Genoa. As long as France is pulling one way and Great Britain the other, there will be no real peace in Europe. Unless the Allies can agree to a rational modification of the Versailles Treaty, that pact will continue to deserve condemnation as a "breeder of wars." We complain, and we think justly, that France refuses to face realities and is basing her policy on prejudice not principle. We are tired of all her talk about her army as the only defense of the liberties of Europe. We are getting tired of her repeated cries of "wolf." We remember that the most effective of all modern weapons is the blockade, and that in the British Navy is the *ultima ratio* of the mind of Europe. We cannot see why such futile stories as that about Krupp building "Big Berthas" should be circulated and believed. The vaporings of a fiery half-pay general on a Saturday afternoon at Potsdam do not seem to us to justify the advance of armies, and we plead for a little more contemptuous tolerance for the dying murmurs of the old Prussian régime. Such stories as those about Briand's anger at his place at the Washington Conference table strike us as silly, and we see in Poincaré's openly expressed repudiation of the conference method an evasion of the dourness of truth and a confession of weakness.

Our first amusement at France's struggle against a mellow influence in international policy has now given place to impatient anger and we view the Genoa Conference as a last despairing attempt to persuade our ally to see things as they are. If France, however, repeats her submarine

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mistake, she may indeed find herself at the bottom of the sea studying flora and fauna—hardly the occupation for a great nation. If she attempts to "queer" the Genoa Conference, I am afraid she will find herself isolated. Another false step and the results of the propaganda of years will be destroyed. If France truly desires an alliance of defense, she must assume a more sweetly reasonable attitude towards Germany. Englishmen frankly state that French policy towards her foes is provocative, and they do not see themselves again taking part in a quarrel which is not primarily theirs.

Side by side with these pin pricks the course of the evolution of Mr. Lloyd George's Russian policy has provided the French with much cause for suspicion and has helped to widen the breach between the Allies. This evolution has not had the easiest of paths in Great Britain. The lengthy negotiations which led up to the signing of the Trade Agreement with Soviet Russia were strenuously opposed in the press and in Parliament. It was even freely whispered that the Cabinet itself was far from unanimous on the question. Lord Curzon, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill shivered in their aristocratic homes as they thought of M. Krassin. The common sense of Sir Robert Horne and the intuition of his chief triumphed, and the agreement deprived labor of a strong argument while not proving particularly beneficial from the trade point of view. But as a policy it annoyed the French tremendously. Russia was the happy hunting ground of the French financiers: her debt to France is immense: it was difficult for her to restrain herself when she saw her chances of recovery receding rapidly, and perfidious Albion appropriating the new spoil. But France did not see what Mr. Lloyd George and the ablest of his colleagues, Sir Robert Horne, saw. Ignore Russia, trample on Germany, and in effect, you pull your nose to spite your face. Germany and Russia will develop the understanding they already have: Russia becomes Germany's back door to escape

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from the Treaty and with the cheapest raw material in the world in the hands of the cheapest labor, the markets of Europe would be flooded with German goods. France would stop this by force; Great Britain by agreement.

Such, very briefly, is the case for Genoa. Whether or no Mr. Lloyd George's plan for the economic settlement of Europe is possible, it is impossible to tell, but the argument for it appears sound to the vast majority of Englishmen. If the Prime Minister were to go to the business men of the country for a mandate on this issue, he would be overwhelmingly supported. England is sick of wars and troubles and conferences and situations. "Business as usual" is the cry of the multitude, and if trade can be re-established, even by making some sort of *rapprochement* to our late foes, well—let us get on with it. I admit the absence of idealism in this attitude. I can see ample justification for the jibe and the sneer—but that it is the attitude of most of my countrymen, I am convinced. We are very war weary in Great Britain today and in our desires for good trade and peaceful prosperity we are but echoing the new moral vigor in international affairs which has reached its greatest glory in the American spirit shown in the Washington Conference. The world wants to be led. We must get together and find a leader. The Genoa Conference ought to find this much-to-be-desired nation or statesman. We feel in Europe that we cannot provide such a man or nation. We still look to the brimming moral vigor of the United States to show us the way. When America entered the war, I was talking about the effect upon the Allies of this immense accretion of strength to an old war veteran. "Yes", he said, "they will determine the course of the war: the war will be won, but will they determine the course of the peace?" Genoa is the last chance.

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POPE BENEDICT THE FIFTEENTH

By MOST REV. PATRICK J. HAYES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York

THE FORUM in opening its pages to an appreciation of the late Pope Benedict the Fifteenth is doing something worth while, in my opinion, from an historic, social and spiritual viewpoint. The historian will never tell fully the story of the World War unless his pen truthfully records the part played by the late Pontiff during those tragic years. The sociologist must recognize the height, the breadth and the depth of the service Benedict the Fifteenth was in a position to render, and which he did render, everywhere possible and for everybody he could help, irrespective of race, color, creed, or station. The spiritual value of the Pope's insistence on principles of justice and right in public allocution and official document, and of his practical application of those same principles was his noblest and best service to the world in general, in addition to his enduring achievements for the Church of which he was the illustrious head.

It was my rare privilege to be in Rome in 1914, and witness the entrance of Benedict the Fifteenth into the Senate of the Church. I was present in May at the public consistory in which Monsignor della Chiesa, the Archbishop of Bologna, received the Cardinal's Hat from the hands of Pope Pius the Tenth. Up to that moment he was in comparative obscurity as a member of the Italian episcopate. I shall never forget how the assembled ecclesiastics seemed to have eyes for everyone but the future Pope. Although I knew him not personally, I felt myself drawn to

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him while compelled to inquire about him. No one there present could foresee the outbreak of the war and the death of Pius the Tenth a few months later. I was present again in Rome at the final obsequies for Pius the Tenth. Once more I saw the procession of the Cardinals and heard the comments of the crowd as to the probable successor in the Chair of Peter. Cardinal della Chiesa moved quietly and humbly by, again as in May, without causing any remark prophetic or otherwise. Once more I tried to search the face and study the small, slim figure, with a strange spiritual emotion stirring within me. A week from that day it was this rather hidden bishop from Bologna, and this seemingly unobserved Cardinal amongst his older and more venerable brethren in the Sacred Purple, who was crowned Pope Benedict the Fifteenth.

Surely Divine Providence had chosen him as a vessel of election for a mighty task and a crushing burden. The mystery and power which his person radiated into my soul in May and August of 1914, grew with each year and every deed of his remarkable pontificate. His unexpected coming at the opening of the war mystified many; his sudden passing at its close has startled mostly all. He was and will ever be the peace-pleading Pope of the World War.

An incident at the ceremony of Benedict's coronation may be of interest in itself and its spiritual significance. During the procession into the historic Sistine Chapel while Benedict was blessing the people from the *sedia gestatoria*—a chair on an elevated platform borne on the shoulders of Vatican attendants—one of the prelates assisting in the function, at three different stages, suddenly and rather unexpectedly, appeared and raised almost to the very face of the Pontiff a cone of burning flax, emitting a pungent, bluish and volatile flame, while he chanted—*"Beatissime Pater, sic transit gloria mundi"*—"Most Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world." Thus the Church in the very moment of elevating a mortal man to the sublime dignity of its visible headship warns him that

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pride, ambition, riches, worldly honor, are of the earth earthy, and that humility, charity, detachment and sacrifices should adorn the exalted office of Christ's vicar and representative among men.

The election of Benedict the Fifteenth to the Papacy in 1914 caused very little stir outside Catholic circles. The world knew him not, because the poverty of Christ seemed to be his in full measure. He was no more than the Christ of old was, coming out of Nazareth in lowly Palestine. Other ages might believe in him, but not the twentieth century during a twentieth century war. Though the world thus spoke and thought, it was not long before the homeless, the fatherless, the captive, the suffering, and the afflicted in general felt otherwise by seeking help and solace from the supreme shepherd of Christendom. War is necessarily farthest removed from the ways of love and mercy, while it violently and ruthlessly disrupts the lines of human communication of heart and home.

It is safe to say, without fear of contradiction, that no other office and no other individual in the whole world was in a position of such pre-eminence as that of the Pope in the comprehensive and catholic outlook he had of the war, its horrors, its injustices, and its cruelties. While military necessity was able to close all roads leading to Rome, no power on earth could prevent the wailing, the lamenting, and piteous groans and appeals of bleeding humanity reaching the heart of the supreme Pontiff. Benedict the Fifteenth's ministry of mercy and service stands unparalleled, covering as it did exchange of military prisoners; release of non-combatants and fathers of large families; improvement of camp conditions; hospital care, repatriation of the tubercular; postal communication; bureaus of information of missing soldiers; Christian burial on battlefields; limitation of bombardment by aeroplanes to battle areas; commutation of death sentence; food, clothing and funds for babes, women and the aged.

It is a matter of record that when our own Federal au-

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thorities, foreign governments, and international non-combatant agencies, even the Red Cross, had failed after repeated efforts to locate missing soldiers who were sons of non-Catholic American citizens, an appeal to the Pope was successful and within a very short time.

Benedict the Fifteenth suffered much from unfair propaganda which endeavored to show that he was partial where he should have been neutral, and neutral where he should have protested. A study of authentic documents on file in the Vatican now reveals the fact that Benedict the Fifteenth never condoned might as right, nor compromised with injustice. He consistently condemned acts of injustice and violations of right "wherever and by whomsoever they were committed." He further proclaimed the inalienable right of nations to live and approved their legitimate aspirations for national life. He warned the powerful that "nations do not die." The propositions he submitted as a basis for conference towards the suspension of hostilities and permanent peace, and his appeal to President Wilson to use the powerful influence of the United States toward the same purpose are Papal documents and international papers that will live.

Remarkable has been the almost universal tribute paid at the tomb of Benedict the Fifteenth. As so often happens, death was necessary to reveal the greatness of the living Pontiff. History must wait for a larger background than we have even at present to justly estimate the meritorious life and labors of this servant of the servants of God. His supreme and indomitable faith in the supernatural sustained him through the awful years of the war. His position was one of continuous and ever increasing sorrow and bitter tears over the calamities of a war-scourged world. Rulers of nations and leaders of armies, each in turn, had periods of joyous exultation in their victories on the battlefield. But the white-robed peacemaker in the Vatican, the Christ-like father of Christendom, the apostolic spokesman of the Prince of Peace—found his only consolation

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in binding up the wounds of humanity, and pouring in the oil and wine of the Good Samaritan.

The spiritual love of Benedict for America was strikingly made manifest in his solicitude for our Catholic soldiers and sailors serving with the colors. When the late lamented Cardinal Gibbons was anxiously planning for the spiritual care of these brave boys, word was flashed from the Pontiff commissioning the writer of this article as the Bishop of all Catholics in the military and naval establishments of the United States. Extraordinary spiritual jurisdiction was granted to me—such as rarely, if ever, was conferred on any bishop before. My spiritual authority followed the American flag wherever, on land or sea, it floated, or wherever a Catholic soldier, sailor, nurse or prisoner was located. This overlapping jurisdiction of an American bishop with that of over a thousand Catholic chaplains in war service was a benediction for which Catholic parents who gave their boys, and the boys themselves who fought and suffered for Old Glory, have ever thanked Pope Benedict the Fifteenth. Last year when in Rome I told the Pontiff what this spiritual force meant to America during the war, and he was profoundly moved and gratified.

History repeats itself. The Papacy past, present and future, looms up behind, around and beyond the noble figure of Benedict the Fifteenth. That marvelous institution of the ages has proved itself once more a beneficent servant of humanity and a strong anchorage of human society. Of course, there are never wanting the prejudiced and the uninformed to whom the Papacy is political, sinister, arrogant, and unprogressive in character. But were the Papacy dependent for its vitality on political acumen and strong organization, it would have long since been wrecked on the same rocks on which other human agencies, parties and institutions have perished. Though bereft of the material resources it once possessed and shorn of its ancient patrimony, it lives on, grows in prestige, and exercises universally its earthly and spiritual functions. The em-

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barrassments and restrictions modern times have placed upon its apostolic freedom would have long since crushed out its very life, were it not exempt from the common laws of mortality. The Papacy does not die because of the spiritual and indefectible life given it by its Founder for the perpetual conservation of unity of divine worship, supernatural faith and religious discipline among the children of men until the end of time.

This is the one and only reason why, for the past nineteen centuries, hundreds of millions of Christians, notwithstanding their difference or antagonism in other respects as to race, color, nationality, education, customs, opinions, and political allegiance, have been one in their spiritual obedience, according to the mandate of Christ, to the occupant of the Chair of Peter. To them the Pope is the visible head of the Church, the earthly representative and vicar of Christ. No power on earth could have wrought this patent truth and stubborn, historic fact. We must look to a supernatural cause for such a supernatural manifestation in a world of everlasting human conflicts.

The spiritual power of the Papacy has served as a strong, vital, informing and inspirational factor in the civilization of the world. The golden age of spiritual expression in Christian literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and even in the then known sciences, synchronized with the golden age of the Papacy. The very courts of Heaven were invaded by human genius, which was spiritualized by faith and sensitized by celestial harmonies; and pen, brush and chisel portrayed God's infinite majesty and justice; the all-redeeming mercy and love of Christ; the glory of the Virgin Mother; and the beauty of the Angels and the Saints. The humanizing and ennobling effect of all this, not to speak for the moment of the religious value, is a heritage handed down to our times. Would that our modern life felt more the influence of such lofty spiritual ideals! Today we seem to shun the heights of the spiritual and prefer, much too often, the lowlands of the material

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and the paths that lead to gold and silver, to stone and steel, to oil well and furnace. These mean trade, wealth, luxury and large control. God never intended such things should dominate human existence to the exclusion of the spiritual; and man is bound by his very reason to place them in their proper perspective and just relation to the higher and eternal purposes of life.

Our beloved America, though singularly favored above other nations with great material wealth and with the moral strength of successful democratic institutions, finds itself disturbed, if not distressed, economically, socially, politically and internationally by reason of war-crushed Europe. Humanly viewed, the outlook continues ominous. Recourse must be had to the God of Nations. The revival and the culture of the spiritual sense are imperative. God alone can fill empty cisterns with the saving waters of life. Pope Benedict the Fifteenth who has gone and Pope Pius the Eleventh who has come as his successor, call on all mankind to look unto Christ, the Savior of the World, the Divine Pilot at the helm of human society. The Catholic Church in America is storming Heaven with ardent prayer for our glorious Republic, for the safety, the progress and the perpetuity of its wonderful institutions.

FRANCE

By CLYDE FURST

Europe befogged, France saw, as ever, clear—
Invading millions swept away life chaff,
Belgium's heroic handful, Britain's few.
France and Joffre, ready, turned and held the tide.

Through bitter years France said "They shall not pass",
While Britain, Italy, Columbia,
Uncertain, blundering, mustered their defense,—
A multitude confused, till France and Foch
Serenely led, and saved the world once more.

And now, so soon, some whisper "France is mad,
Selfish, nerve-shattered, fearing what is not"—
France who alone saw all, gave all, saved all!
Blind. Blind. The dead your folly killed cry out:
"Remember, now and ever, France sees clear!"

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ADVANTAGES OF THE SPENDINGS TAX

By CHESTER A. JORDAN

THREE years after the great war the expected era of renewed production, employment, and activity in trade seems as remote as ever. Does a wretchedly devised plan of Federal taxation represent one of the principal causes for the paralyzation of business enterprise? Is the high rate of return necessary to entice money into investment and the employment of labor due in a great part to the fact that a towering quantity of tax securities, already aggregating the stupendous sum of thirty-four billion of dollars, is drawing the vital working capital from industrial and trade enterprise?

Have we successfully faced the great war crisis of civilization and won our battles in the field only to ignominiously fail in peace by establishing a venomous form of taxation which courses through the veins of business life, destroying the vital springs of enterprise and assisting in the breeding of the microbes of the disease of class prejudice, communism, and radical socialism which is at the root of our labor distress? Shall we endure a system of taxation which is rapidly creating a leisure class of tax exempt security owners or of those who do not care to embark their wealth in active profit making enterprise because of the erratic effect of income and profits taxes? If such a condition is permitted to continue and develop what more than a mockery will be our republican form of government and shall we not be deserving of our fate if we are plunged into internecine strife of class arrayed against class with ultimate chaos in prospect?

The foundation upon which our continuing economic

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welfare must be established is an adequate accumulation of capital invested in private enterprise as in farms, herds, crops, merchandise, factories, mines, and all the varied undertakings that serve to keep us busy, and prosperously happy and strong in national life.

The conditions which existed prior to the great war have passed perhaps never to return. Minds which are not flexible enough or youthful enough to strike out boldly leaving the bridges of the past in ashes behind them must give way. The hard fact that youth will be served must speedily penetrate the consciousness of both the great political parties of this country if they are to survive.

It has in the past been possible to supply the expenses of government by plans of taxation which were admittedly unjust but accomplished the result of raising money. So long as this was done indirectly without each individual knowing what his share in the burden amounted to, the government concerned itself but little as to whether the burden fell disproportionately on certain classes or whether the effect was detrimental to the greatest degree of possible progress in civilization. But the effect of raising by such haphazard or indifferently planned methods such huge sums as are necessary today will so paralyze enterprise and private investment activity as to nearly, if not quite, cause the ruin of even so strong a nation as our own.

The momentary menace of the present tax situation like Mercutio's wound may not appear as large as a church door nor as deep as a well but 'twill serve, as those financiers and economists who are probing the condition well realize.

The only way out is through a just distribution of the tax burden. Concealed taxation cooked up to effect a legerdemain of apparent placing of the burden where it does not actually rest is a worse than foolish stand. Subterfuge may have served in the past but anything except frank open above-board justness in treating the present problem will not be tolerated. Let our legislators ask for the truth as to what form of taxation is just, not what will

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produce the most money with least apparent burden. Let them earnestly resolve to be satisfied with nothing short of truth and justice in the government's dealings with each citizen. Every man should know the truth as to the amount of his necessary just contribution to the cost of government. He must know this because if it is concealed he will not know what is distressing him and may lash out into attacks on whatever the first agitator who gets his ear suggests as the cause of his misery, whether that misery is unemployment, inability to make both ends meet, or government interference in the multitudinous forms that concealed, or income taxation, has produced.

Is there a just form of taxation or has such a thing been known? Let us go back two generations or more. We find the great economist John Stuart Mill saying in his book "Principles of Political Economy", Book five:

"The proper mode of assessing an income tax would be to tax only the part of income devoted to expenditure, exempting that which is saved."

Again he says:

"No income tax is really just, from which savings are not exempted."

That is equivalent to the Spendings Tax which places the entire tax burden on the amount which each individual spends for his personal benefit, laying no tax whatever on savings and the investment of savings in business or business expenditures.

Former Secretary of the Treasury, Houston, and his successor Secretary Mellon, have in their published statements recognized the desirability of differentiating between saved income and consumed income. The Spendings Tax is however, the only practical plan of exempting savings which has been submitted during the prolonged and exhaustive research and hearings by Congressional Committees. Under it each citizen would meet his just share of the bill of governmental taxation whether his money were earned or came from a spendthrift inheritance trust.

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It should be understood that a Spendings Tax is a percentage tax laid upon all that each individual or head of a family annually spends for his own personal benefit or consumption, excepting an amount specifically exempted as necessary to sustain life, say two hundred and fifty dollars, and also excepting donations, life insurance, premiums, doctors, nursing, and death bills. Thus all that a person spends over and above that which he absolutely needs to sustain life, or saves and invests, or expends in business activity, would alone be subject to the Spendings Tax.

Assume that the total annual spendings for individual consumption in the United States amount to fifty billions of dollars. Estimate liberally that half of this rests within the exemptions classifications, then the remaining twenty-five billions of dollars should be taxed at an average rate of ten per centum to raise two and one half billions of dollars. This amount in connection with inheritance taxes, tariff, special privilege, and other sources of government income, should more than cover the three or four billions necessary for the annual government disbursement of expenses, interest, and for gradual retirement of the war debt. Therefore it appears that the Spendings Tax should be levied at an average of ten cents on the dollar on individual spendings in excess of the exemptions.

It is an inevitable law and a matter of common bookkeeping knowledge, that all overhead costs are in some way eventually included in product as it passes into use.

The situation does not seem sufficiently complex to explain the great confusion that exists as to the ideal basis for taxation. We know that government is like a great insurance company guaranteeing to each citizen protection, and facilitating the acquirement and enjoyment of food, clothing, shelter, and other material benefits. It therefore appears that every relation of business that a man has with his fellows is aided or facilitated by the fostering influence of government.

How may each citizen meet his just share of this obliga-

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tion without paying a penny more or a penny less than the correct bill? Eventually the answer must be the Spendings Tax.

The Spendings Tax is in marked contrast to the income and profits taxes and the sales taxes, which strike directly at business from which the burden caroms erratically to the consumer with paralyzing effect to both.

The superficial critic may claim that this will lay a heavy tax on the liberal consumer and permit the thrifty, abstemious person to escape, therefore the plan is not good. But stop a minute! Invested capital, the product of thrift or enterprise and self denial, is like a stool upon which we all stand to reach the good things on the higher shelves of life. The greater the underlying foundation of invested capital, the greater our reach and compass of enjoyment. Taxing the man who is accumulating and investing the product of extreme self denial, thereby foregoing the privilege of standing on the stool and himself reaching and enjoying these good things, is merely depriving ourselves of the result of his slaving to accumulate and augment the foundation upon which our average scale of living rests.

Surely we must now have had a sufficiently painful demonstration to realize the boomerang effect of income or profits taxation upon the mass of consumers of necessaries.

Is it not perfectly clear that taxation of income or any form of tax on invested capital does not come from the possessor of wealth hired out in investment service, but comes out of the public in whose service the invested capital is employed?

This is not very satisfying to those who are prejudiced against capital through failure to realize that the foundation on which they themselves stand is invested capital. The real possession of all invested capital is not in the owners, it is in the public who use it and pay for it in rents, profits, or interest. All the taxes conceivable would not reduce one whit the necessary net payment by the public to the owner investors of capital. Nobody can hope

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to make satisfactory progress in understanding the elements of duties of citizenship as touching labor, capital, or taxes until this hard fact is understood. The more taxes are laid upon income, profits, interest, or business, the greater will be the average net return necessary for the public to pay to furnish requisite incentive to accumulate invested capital through saving or abstaining from spending. The hire of capital necessary to support industry and civilization is a bill which the public pays, and it always includes every kind of tax however cunningly concealed as income taxes, franchise taxes, sales, or other taxes. It may be asked then, are we to place all the burden upon the man with a family who is spending to maintain and liberally educate his children? Fairly, he should pay taxes on so much as he is able to spend, thus to procure excess of education and other advantages over his poorer fellow citizens. But it may be that the sentiment of the commonwealth would be that educational expenditure should be free from taxation.

This brings us to a superlatively important attribute of the Spendings Tax. *The Spendings Tax is the only general tax which can be controlled so as to actually free specified beneficial activity from taxation.* Thus a tax on the income from capital investment is as much a burden on the manufacturer of sick room supplies as on the manufacturer of bricks. It rests as much on the publisher of text books as on the publisher of novels. But any sort of personal spendings, if desired, may under the Spendings Tax be positively and accurately exempted from taxes. This is a tremendous merit.

Under all plans thought of heretofore, the crusts of poverty bore as great a tax as the rich man's loaves. Nay, the poor paid heavier tribute, as may be illustrated by the sales tax, where food prepared and served by attendants in a palatial home, would bear fewer taxes than food purchased from the baker, factory, or shop.

The Spendings Tax imposes no tax burden on an amount

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equal to the elementary necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. No tax on medicines, doctors' bills, life insurance, or savings investments. It contemplates every man squarely on his own financial footing but doing business with his government on a straight, definite, value-received-for-payment basis.

The old plans of concealed taxation, imposing as they do the greater proportion of burden upon the common necessities, will seem absurd when displaced by this simple and accurate direct payment method.

The practicability of the Spendings Tax in administration surpasses that of all forms of general taxation hitherto devised. As compared with the present system, the Spendings Tax would at one stroke eliminate all the huge nightmare of complicated corporation tax returns. All partnership returns would be done away with. No business returns nor investment returns of any sort would be required, and last but not least, instead of figuring profits or income based upon inventory values, depreciation, investment values, capital gains or losses, accruals, deferred asset items, contingent or bad debt reserves, allowable salaries, income exemptions, losses not compensated by insurance or otherwise, proportion of admissible to inadmissible assets, and all the abominable rigmarole that diabolical ingenuity can invent as an inquisitorial hell on earth for book-keepers, business men, and all other honest folk save the perverted intellects which fatten at government expense under the guise of tax experts; instead of all this the individual or head of a family would report each year what he had spent for personal and family benefit, take out his specific and general exemptions for himself and family members, then pay the tax on the remainder with a clear conscience and confidence that no government inspector would increase the bill if the reckoning were honest.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

PROBABLY New York State has the distinction of having as Governor the leading reactionary of the country. The sad part of this fact is that at this particular time, when the east is under attack by the west and the middle west, a reactionary chief executive gives point to the arguments of the critics of the east and apparent justification to those radical legislators and leaders who would assume that no progress can come out of Toryism. It is a hapless fact, that business has always been led by men who were blind, for unfortunately those politicians and statesmen who have undertaken to speak for business have been the men who assumed that there was no humanity in Wall Street and no progress in finance.

No man probably did more harm to the business interests in this country than did Senator Boise Penrose. The large sum of money found in his strong box when he died shows how stupid was the whole system of which he was the head. And now Governor Miller, through his rasping knack of speaking always in Bourbon tones and never with vision, voices sentiments that are so against common sense, so thoroughly retrogressive, that those who would show that the conservative element of the country is not a stupid, fatuous force, fighting always for its own interests, are placed at a serious disadvantage.

Every time that Governor Miller speaks, he seems to lose votes for the Republican party. A year ago, with little regard for the facts of history and with apparently no understanding of the undercurrents that have gone to make this a great nation, he declared against the activity of what he called "non-political groups", and lectured the women of New York State for assuming to have independent judgment and for undertaking independent action outside of the parties, declaring such activity a "menace to our institutions". That the Republican party never would have come into existence in this country if it had not been for the "non-political group" who believed that slavery was a curse, is a fact known to every school boy, and yet one that seems impossible of penetration into Governor Miller's mind. The spirit of independence, the moral fervor, the capacity for indignation, the stern resolution to do what was right without re-

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gard to its effect on any party—these were the great characteristics of the American people which enabled the country to get rid of the curse of slavery. And yet Governor Miller tries to sweep our people, especially the women voters, back into the tight lines of the reactionary.

Of course it would be too much to expect Governor Miller to understand the political currents of the day, when what he pleads for all the time is a group control of the very kind that he assumes to despise. He is urging the men and women of the Republican party of New York State to accept as their leaders a group of which he happens to be the active as well as the nominal head. This group is slowly undermining the strength of the Republican party. One hundred and fifty thousand Republicans in New York City left their party at the recent mayoralty election, not so much to endorse Mayor Hylan, as to show their resentment against the Bourbon policies of Governor Miller. And every day there is evidence that the people are turning away from the Republican party in the Empire State because there is no progressive voice, no sane, intelligent appeal to their human sympathies—only the daily din of Governor Miller's befogged Toryism.

* * * * *

Throughout the country business men are trying to organize not only for their own protection, but to show the farmers that extreme anger expressed against capital and the business interests is bad for the whole country. Men in the west and middle west—sound, sane, clear-thinking men, are urging the east to assert its position. But the east is handicapped by the fact that in New York State it is difficult to find statesmen who understand the vast country outside of New York.

* * * * *

For the purpose of conducting a campaign for a sound taxation system, there has been formed a Committee of American Business Men in which there are associated a number of the important men of the country. The necessity for such a campaign and for such a committee is the fact that in times like these, economic delusion springs up readily and fattens on distress and industrial disaster. This committee has found, however, that in the west and middle west, men are just as sane as anywhere else in the country; and even more eagerly than anywhere else are they looking for leadership that is broad minded and generous and unselfish. That such a committee will succeed in bringing together the various industrial sections of the country, the business man and the farmer, there is little doubt. But one of the difficulties of co-operation is that those in the west are always able to point to prominent Bourbons of the east who

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have little sympathy with popular government and say: "These men assume to be your leaders."

"How can we trust you," declare the westerners, "when men who assume to speak for business frequently do not believe in democracy, and while they do not say so in public, reveal by their private statements and their acts that they are for reducing the political power of the people, diminishing the influence and taking away the sovereignty of the latter?"

It is most unfortunate for business and for the east that this is true—that there are men in the east who so little understand the currents of civilization that they believe that democracy has failed; and in their misunderstanding and lack of knowledge, assume that we must have a lesser rather than a greater democracy to cure the evils of our day, which incidentally have no relation whatsoever to the growth of democracy. The writer himself, has had the misfortune of listening to one prominent man declare that he was so confirmed in his belief as to the failure of democracy, that he had come to the conclusion that the ideal form of government was a limited monarchy!!

It is against this sort of thing that sane, clear-thinking business men must contend. Radicalism on one hand, must be put down, and just as firmly must we reduce to their proper and uninfluential position those who have lost faith in this Republic, and who are blind to the forces of civilization that created democracy and which will continue to make democracy the only possible condition under which civilized men and women can live.

* * * * *

The death of L. J. O'Reilly took from New York life one of its clearest thinkers and one of its most honest men. People who know little of the mainsprings of government and who depend on the curiously inaccurate newspapers of our day for their information knew, in the main, little of this retiring, extremely modest man who understood of every section of the city something, and of many sides, from the political to the artistic, much. He found it easy, apparently, to be extremely polite to all men for he was a keen analyst and while he understood the littleness of most human motives, he was tolerant always and except where the qualities were particularly despicable he favored grace for even the bitterest enemy. Here was really a great mind and an unusual heart, hidden behind a reticence that never confused a friend though it baffled many an enemy. Those with whom he was intimate found behind that reticence a confidence and optimism in his own friends, a loyal regard for their interests, and an appreciation of their friendship and affection that is rare among men.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

CLARIFYING THE INCOME TAX *

THAT some future generation will be able to make out its income tax report without the assistance of a lawyer or much burning of the midnight oil is the hope of those who are going through the ordeal today. Another generation however will come into being before the present laws are thoroughly understood, especially if Congress continues to complicate what is already a complicated matter by enactments that make it difficult for the man of ordinary intelligence to tell whether his income belongs to him or to Washington. Such a book as George E. Holmes has written on the Federal income tax will be welcomed, therefore, not only by the lawyer but by the average citizen who must sooner or later achieve a real understanding of details of the law.

We are frank to admit that the value of Mr. Holmes' book is very great and that no serious student of the tax law can ignore it. That does not mean that we agree with him that the revenue act of 1918 was a clear and definite and equitable statute—nor do we agree with him in his praise of Dr. T. N. Adams, State Adviser of the Treasury Department, who has had opportunities for real service in the last two years and who has shown himself to be limited in vision.

Mr. Holmes writes as a lawyer, however, and not as an economist; and we will not quarrel with him about his prefatory remarks, especially in view of the able way in which he deals with the various and by no means easily interpreted brackets of the income tax.

—JOHN STODDARD.

THE AMERICAN PENAL SYSTEM †

THE present century is certainly that of histories. Hardly any social institution has failed thus far to find its historian, whether it be law, or insurance, or religion, or table manners. It was therefore inevitable that a history of penology be brought out,

*"THE FEDERAL INCOME TAX," by George E. Holmes. Bobbs-Merrill Company.
†"PENOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES," by Louis N. Robinson. The John C. Winston Co.

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but it remained for a worthy authority on the subject to do it. Dr. Louis N. Robinson has made a good job of it.

When it is recalled that, according to the census of 1910 no less than four hundred and seventy-five thousand Americans were in that year discharged from jail, there is no denying the fact that penology is something which merits very serious consideration; and a history of that social institution becomes a necessity.

Dr. Robinson writes primarily for the student, but the judge, the lawyer, the minister and the layman will also find his book readable as well as instructive. The workhouse, the state prison, institutions for juvenile delinquents, reformatories, prison labor, probation and parole of convicts—with all of these he deals historically, confining his theme to the American varieties, and while showing how each came into being and developed, he also points out defects and suggests remedies for their shortcomings.

Perhaps the greatest truth which he points out is that our corrective institutions had their origin in the England of the days of our colonies, but while great reforms in penology later took place in the old country, almost no progress was made in the new one, so that today we are still about where England was in the eighteenth century. Surely that suggests the need for improvement.

GABRIEL S. YORKE.

THE DEBT UNFORGIVABLE *

BRUCE BARTON'S voice—lifted with the thousands upon thousands in the world-echoing appeal to end all war, makes itself distinctly heard in his little story "Unknown". This is because he has caught a note of the quality that moves to tears in the simplicity with which he has told of the meeting, over the tomb of our Unknown Soldier in Washington, of the spirits of the three heroes, like him, nameless—each dead from a long-ago battle. Little is said in this meeting of the shades of one who fell at Thermopylae—one who was killed fighting under Charles Martel—and one who lost his life at Waterloo—except that they all died gladly for a cause they thought was to free the world from war forever. But the little is a bitter reproach to that world for the overwhelming tragedy of its broken faith with all the unknown soldiers of the battles of the ages.

—HELEN WALKER.

*"UNKNOWN", by Bruce Barton. Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

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AL JENNINGS ON O. HENRY *

BUCKETS of gore, sentimentalism, prison horrors, train robberies—quite the same sort of thing that Mr. Jennings gave in his tale of "Beating Back"—layer on layer of these go to make up the recital of Al Jennings' friendship with O. Henry. Porter and Jennings first met at the American Consulate in Trojillo, Honduras. They had gone there separately, but for the same reason—to escape from certain unpleasant circumstances in the states. From the moment of their meeting they became fast friends and maintained their friendship through a series of exciting episodes and a "trick" in the Ohio penitentiary, both blossoming later as authors.

Mr. Jennings has a very colorful style and a use of adjectives that is little short of genius. Undoubtedly every word of his tale is based on truth but he slips out of the style of the biographer into that of the minstrel. Truth is wrenched a bit, but interest is certainly maintained. The reader who enjoyed the old Jesse James stories, and who later, when taste had been refined, got pleasure from the reading of "Treasure Island", will find Al Jennings' book quite to his liking. As proof, witness some of his own sub-headings for chapters:

"Chapter V. Shot from behind; agonies of remorse; death scene in the saloon; a father's rebuke to his son; the father's denunciation; refuge in the outlaws' camp."

"Chapter XXIV. Tainted meat; O. Henry's morbid curiosity; his interview with the Kid on the eve of the execution: the Kid's story; the death scene; innocence of the Kid."

It is not quite the book for timid persons whose dreams are reflections of what they read.

GABRIEL S. YORKE.

TOWARDS THINGS SPIRITUAL †

MR. REMMERS has done wisely in choosing the simple fundamentals of Christianity upon which to build his sincere, convincing, thoroughly modern little book "Invincible Power". In a day when a worn, weary world, consciously or subconsciously is pleading for a return to spirituality, a book such as this one speaks with undisputed force. For Mr. Remmers has shown us the doorway to happiness—has put the golden key into our fumbling fingers—and we have but to unlock. We are only to apply the great elemental teachings of Christ to our daily, twentieth century life.

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*"THROUGH THE SHADOWS WITH O. HENRY," by Al Jennings. The H. K. Fly Co.

†"INVINCIBLE POWER," by John Henry Remmers. The Co-Operative Publishing Co.

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The book is a series of positive, clear little essays on the virtues essential to peace of heart whose connecting link is Mr. Remmers' golden rule of success—which remains pure gold, even when tested by the searching acid of modern logic.

JOY ROBBINS.

Books Recently Received by The Forum for Review

"The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"In the Days Before Columbus" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. George H. Doran Co.
"The Quest of the Western World" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. George H. Doran Co.
"The Glands Regulating Personality" by Louis Berman, M.D. The MacMillan Co.
"A Fortnight in Naples" by Andre Maurel. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"The Log of A Non-Combatant" by Horace Greene. Houghton, Mifflin Company.
"Herman Melvin—Mariner and Mystic" by Raymond M. Weaver. George H. Doran Company.
"Timely Truths on Human Health" by Simon Louis Katzoff. Co-Operative Publishing Co.
"Contemporary Science" by Dr. Benjamin Harrow. Boni and Liveright.
"Samuel Pepys' Diary" by Richard LeGallienne. Boni and Liveright.
"Men, Women and Boats" by Stephen Crane. Boni and Liveright.
"Tales of Mean Streets" by Arthur Morrison. Boni and Liveright.
"The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence" by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Boni and Liveright.
"The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters" by Aimee McKenzie. Boni and Liveright.
"Through The Russian Revolution" by Albert Rhys Williams. Boni and Liveright.
"The Practical Application of Psychology" by C. W. Chamberlain. Inter. Soc. App. Psychology.

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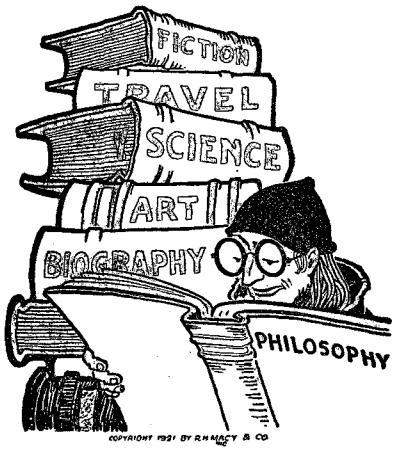

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